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Echoes from the Heart


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Echoes from the Heart.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

Echoes from the Heart

OR

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED SACRED POEMS

ARRANGED AND COMPILED BY

EMMA MOODY

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE DEAN OF CORK

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188 FLEET STREET
1876

280 . n . 951.

Dedicated

BY PERMISSION

TO THE

VERY REVEREND ACHILLES DAUNT,

DEAN OF CORK.

PREFACE.

THE design of the Compiler in the following volume had been to collect some of the most beautiful fugitive poems, which hitherto have appeared only in magazine and leaflet form, into a concise arrangement. It was at first her intention to transplant the poems of *living authors* only into the book; but on considering that many of our most beautiful sacred lyrics are the production of poets who have passed away from earth, the idea was relinquished; and in order to make the work more complete, the thrilling strains of Cowper, Coleridge, Kirke White, Montgomery, Mrs Hemans, and others, have found place in the volume. The greater number of the pieces, however, are either original, or by *living authors*. No alterations have been made in the poems in any respect; and in every possible case permission was first obtained from the author or publisher.

The Compiler has endeavoured to avoid anything sectarian, or contrary to the spirit of that sublime and sacred volume which contains the truest and grandest of all poetry; and whilst the selection will be found a comprehensive one, many of the poems have been chosen in the hope and prayer that they may prove not only a source of recreation and interest, but also of comfort and help to not a few. They are intended to be as the title suggests—

ECHOES FROM THE HEART.

Among the authors and publishers, whose kindness and courtesy the Compiler is anxious to acknowledge, are, Dr Bonar, Archbishop Trench, Miss Havergal, Dean Pakenham Walsh, Mrs Henry Faussett (Alessie Bond), Mrs Alexander, and Dr M. Whittemore (Editor of "Golden Hours"); Messrs Nelson, of Edinburgh, proprietors of "Hymns from the Land of Luther;" Messrs Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington, by whose permission extracts have been taken from "The Changed Cross;" for the insertion of Mrs Alexander's beautiful poem, entitled "The Burial of Moses," leave was obtained from the author and her publisher, Mr Masters, to whom the copyright jointly belongs; "Words," by Anna Shipton, from Messrs Morgan & Scott; "The

Day is at Hand," by the late Charlotte Elliott, is taken from the "Sunday at Home" for 1873, by special permission of the Editor. The Compiler has reluctantly inserted a few of her own pieces by request.

DUBLIN, *October* 1875.

CONTENTS.

Echoes from the Heart.

BE TRUE.

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed.
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

BONAR.

WORDS.

Oh, never say a careless word
  Hath not the power to pain !
The shaft may ope some hidden wound,
  That closes not again.
Weigh well those light-winged messengers,
  God marked thy heedless word,
And with it, too, the falling tear,
  The heart pang that it stirred.

Words ! what are words ? an idle breath,
  That floateth lightly by,
Smiles on the lip that uttered them
  In tones of melody.
Yet have they strength to wound or bless,
  Lightly as they are flung ;
Still writ upon some human heart
  Told by an angel's tongue.

Words ! what are words ? a single word
  Hath spells to call the tears,
That long have lain a sealèd fount
  Unclosed through mournful years,
Back from the unseen sepulchre.
  A word hath summoned forth
A form that hath its place no more
  Among the things of earth.

Words ! heed them well ; some whispered one
  Hath yet a power to fling
A shadow on the brow, the soul
  In agony to wring ;

A name forbidden, or forgot,
  That sometimes, unawares,
Murmurs upon our wakening lips,
  And mingles in our prayers.

O words! sweet words! a blessing comes
  Softly from kindly lips;
Tender, endearing tones that break
  The spirit's drear eclipse.
Oh! are there not some cherished tones
  In the deep heart enshrined?
Uttered but once, they passed, and left
  A track of light behind.

Words! what are words? ah, knowest thou not
  The household names of love?
The thousand tender memories
  That float their graves above!
Long buried by the world's cold tread,
  Yet 'mid the crowd they rise,
And smile, as angel-guests would smile,
  With gentle, earnest eyes.

Thou hast been blest, if never bent
  Thine head in anguish low,
To hide the trembling lip, the tear
  That harsh words caused to flow.
Striving in vain to mask the pain
  Veiled by thy silent pride,
The faint smile of the blanching lip
  That strove the pang to hide.

But oh! more blest if memory brings
  No record of the past,
Where angry glance and cruel word
  Their withering shadow cast;
Where no dead eye fell mournfully,
  When on the quivering soul,
Thy bitter words went echoing
  Like the loud thunder roll.

By God's eternal dwelling-place
  Those words went floating by,
And still the echo thunders on,
  Throughout eternity;
And whispering yet within thine heart,
  The still small voice is heard,
And thou shalt cry, "O God, forgive
  My heedless, bitter word."

Are there no words that from the fount
  Of life and blessing come,
Cheering the sorrowing soul with love,
  And leading wanderers home?
O Christ! write Thou Thy words of peace
  Upon our hearts, and be
The guard of each winged messenger
  That upward flies to Thee.

A. SHIPTON.

"*THE FRIGATE BIRD.*"

"It soars high above the wide ocean—but is never known to *repose* on the water; in its unlimited flight it seems to be an inhabitant of the air rather than of the earth, to which it only resorts for the duties of its nest. It can repose in the upper regions without effort, through the power of its strong wings, high above the wildest storm."—*Knight's Natural History.*

THE simple story of a bird
  Known for its mighty wings,
Methinks that many a heart might read,
  And learn of wondrous things.
'Tis not what men call beautiful,
  No plumage gay or rare,
But it can rise above the storm,
  Reposing in the air.

It seems no creature of the earth,
  Rests on no treacherous sea,
But in the cloudless blue above,
  Untrammelled, joyous, free.
Its wondrous wings can soar and float
  O'er ocean's widest breadth;
Beneath, may be the tempests roar,
  Danger, and wreck, and death;
But to the upper tranquil calm,
  No storm or clouds can rise;
O happy bird! that knows and seeks
  Such bright and peaceful skies.

'Tis written that in Christ for man
  Is just such cloudless bliss;
And I have heard of some who rise
  Above earth's woes like this;

Yea, 'mid the tumult, sorrow, sin,
  While weary feet still tread;
Like wingèd bird, the soul can rise
  That's of the Spirit led.
The sunshine of God's fellowship,
  The calm abiding there;
O happy soul! borne on such wings
  To breathe such blessed air.

ORA ROWAN.

ONLY TRUST ME.

"Be not afraid, only believe."—MARK v. 36.

ONLY trust Me. Do the shadows
  Darkly o'er thy pathway lie?
Was there ever earthly shadow
  That could hide thee from Mine eye?
Dost thou shrink, and fear, and waver—
  Look upon Mine outstretched hand;
Waiting through those shades to lead thee
  Onwards to a better land.

Thou art weeping o'er thy sorrows,
  Dost thou ever think of Mine?
How I toiled, and how I suffered,
  Bore each sin and grief of thine;
Toiled to win a rest for thee,
  Died to give thee endless life;
Yet thou faintest, yet thou fearest,
  When I call thee to the strife.

There's a place within My temple
  For long ages kept for thee ;
I must fashion thee to shine there
  Through a bright eternity.
From the quarry I have hewn thee,
  Rugged, hard, and sin-defiled ;
I must change, and I must cleanse thee,
  Wouldst thou stay the work, my child ?

Ask it not—'twill soon be over,
  Then thou'lt thank Me for the pain ;
See how every pang was needed,
  Not one stroke bestowed in vain ;
Tools of earth, sharp axe and chisel,
  Will have ceased their work at last,
Perfect to thy place I'll bring thee,
  Every tear and trial past.

Only trust Me till that hour,
  Then the need for trust is o'er ;
Never weary days to fret thee,
  Never sin to harm thee more.
Never change or pain to grieve thee,
  Friend's neglect to wring thy heart,
But the Friend who loved thee always
  From thy side no more to part.

I will give thee all the power,
  If the will to trust be thine ;
Fain I now would hear thee tell Me,
  "Saviour, do Thy will, not mine ;
Not *my* will, though storms be raging,
  Not *my* will, though billows swell ;
On to heaven those billows bear me,
  I *can* trust Thee. All is well."

So on earth my peace will keep thee,
  So thou'lt patient watch and wait,
Till I summon thee to enter
  At the golden city's gate.
There the crown, and there the glory,
  There thou'lt thank me for the road,
Through whose roughest paths I led thee
  To the mansions of thy God.

—o—

THE LOVE OF GOD.

All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.
The forms of men shall be as they had never been;
The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and tender green;
The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant song,
And the nightingale shall cease to chaunt the evening long;
The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills,
And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the hills,
The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the fox,
The wild boar of the wood, and the chamois of the rocks,
And the strong and fearless bear, in the trodden dust shall lie,
And the dolphin of the sea, and the mighty whale shall die.
And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be no more,
And they shall bow to death, who ruled from shore to shore;

And the great globe itself (so the holy writings tell),
With the rolling firmament, where the starry armies dwell,
Shall melt with fervent heat, they shall all pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.

From the Provençal.—Translated by BRYANT.

---o---

FINISH THY WORK.

FINISH thy work, the time is short,
The sun is in the west;
The night is coming down, till then
Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, then rest;
Till then, till then, rest never;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest for ever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow,
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength-reviving air
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace,
Life's battle fought and won;
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
"Well done, well done."

Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
  Give praise to God above ;
Sing a new song of thankful joy
    And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up
  In all thy paths below,
Who made thee faithful to the death,
    And crowns thee now.

BONAR.

SORROW.

A SONNET.

IF sorrow came not near us, and the lore,
Which wisdom-working sorrow best imparts,
Found never time of entrance to our hearts ;
If we had won already a safe shore,
Or if our changes were already o'er ;
Our pilgrim being we might quite forget,
Our hearts but faintly on those mansions set,
Where there shall be no sorrow any more.
Therefore we will not be unwise to ask
This, nor secure exemption from our share
Of mortal suffering, and life's drearier task.
Not this, but grace, our portion so to bear,
That we may rest, when grief and pain are over,
With the meek Son of our Almighty Lover.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

WORDS.

Oh, let thy words be calm and kind!
  In life so much of evil lies,
Whose power will darken o'er the mind,
  And blight its gentler sympathies,
That never human lip or heart
  In carelessness should fling the dart,
Which for a moment's space may rest,
  Or rankle in another's breast.

Miss Acton.

—o—

LET US GATHER UP THE SUNBEAMS.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
  Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
  Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
  In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
  All the briers from the way.

Strange we never prize the music,
  Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange that we should slight the violets
  Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
  Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions,
  Shake the white down in the air!

I've seen the dainty fingers,
Frosted against the window-pane,
When yesterday and still to-morrow—
Seem trouble us again—
When the bright eyes of our darling
Cast a shadow upon our brow;
When we think of rosy fingers
Yet as warm as they do now!

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they paint our memories back
To the happy words and actions
Of the "olden" backward track!
How they call up saints around us,
Show us where they lie,
Sleeping beneath—not roses—
But the cold, cold snow!

Sacred Songs.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe:

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that the crowd applauses,
Not by works that give the world renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though enclosed and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving, only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

SYMPATHIES.

There are sympathies
souls and thoughts that mingle with our own,
h earth and seas their barriers wide have thrown
us in being; yet our heart
the same hope, the same aspiring knows,
pure and good whom we have met,
nfluence, lingering round us yet,

Burns at oppression, or at virtue glows ;
Oh yes ! our future being may disclose
The impressions mind has left on kindred mind,
Thoughts worthy heaven, all sacred and refined,
The angel charm which friendship round us throws.

T. ROSCOE.

—o—

COME, LABOUR ON !

COME, labour on !
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain ?
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go, work to-day !"

Come, labour on !
Claim the high calling angels cannot share,
To young and old the gospel gladness bear ;
Redeem the time ; its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on !
The enemy is watching night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away ;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbered not.

Come, labour on !
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear,
No arm so weak but may do service here ;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

Come, labour on!
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labour on!
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee!

BORTHWICK.

FAITH.

HIS promises surpass my thought,
But faithful is my Lord;
In unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

Faith lends her realising light,
And clouds and shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight
Distinct to mortal eye.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And whispers, "It is done."

THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green!
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield!
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold!
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky!
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! how good, beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy beauties gild the span
Of ruined earth, and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

HEBER.

GOD hath created nights
As well as days to deck the varied globe;
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe
Of desolation, as in white attire.

"*A L L !*"

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

God's reiterated "ALL,"
O wondrous word of peace and power!
Touching with its tuneful fall
Each unknown day, each hidden hour,
Of the coming year.

Only *all* His word believe,
All peace and joy your heart shall fill,
All things asked ye shall receive;
This is thy Father's word and will
For the coming year.

"*All* I have is thine," saith He!
"*All* things are yours," He saith again!
All the promises for thee
Are sealed with Jesus Christ's Amen,
For the coming year.

He shall *all* your need supply,
And He will make *all* grace abound;
Always all-sufficiency
In Him for *all* things shall be found
Through the coming year.

All His work He shall fulfil,
All the good pleasure of His will,
Keeping thee in *all* thy ways,
And with thee always, *all* the days
Of the coming year.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

IMPERFECT.

BROKEN sunlight! shadows in its train;
Golden bow that cometh with the rain;
Beams of brightness, parted into flakes
Where the cloud upon the beauty breaks.

Broken songs we never may complete,
Tender strains no voice can e'er repeat;
Tuneful harmonies our lips begin,
Silenced where a sudden hush breaks in!

Broken hopes, built up so high, so high,
Suddenly in ruins round us lie;
Dreams of beauty ever unfulfilled;
Longings never met, yet never stilled.

Broken love! O sweetness incomplete!
Souls that touch, but never wholly meet,
Precious treasure scattered round about—
Hungry hearts that never find it out.

Broken paths, where hands may clasp no more;
Footsteps lost upon the river shore;
Half-told stories with an end so sweet,
Said nor heard—for ever incomplete!

Broken smiles, on which the tear-drops fall;
Laughter, with an anguish through it all;
Faces lighted up, all glad and bright;
Just to meet the bitterness and blight!

Broken prayers! O Father, dost Thou hear
Stammering words that utter nothing clear?
Lips that breathe out "God" with stammering sound,
While the thoughts of earth break in around.

Broken life ! poor, vain, imperfect thing ;
Echoes from the infinite that ring !
Fragments washed up by the waves that roll
From the great beyond—the perfect whole.

Weary heart, if thou art Christ's, be strong ;
'Tis but a little while—not long ! not long !
We shall drop these broken ties to take
Treasures that can never, never break !

EVANGELINE.

SWINGING from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

LONGFELLOW.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner! Christian, God speed thee,
Let loose the rudder bands! good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily, tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer home!

Look to the weatherbow, breakers are round thee!
Let fall the plummet now, shallows may ground thee!
Reef in the foresail there! hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel ware! there swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman? what of the night?
"Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant, danger may be
At an hour when all seems securest to thee.

How gains the leak so fast? clear out the hold,
Hoist up the merchandise—heave out the gold!
There—let the ingots go! now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbour's near,—lo, the red lights.

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island,
Straight for the beacon steer—straight for the highland;
Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam,
Christian, cast anchor now! Heaven is thy home!

MRS SOUTHEY.

—o—

THEE, ONLY THEE.

HE speaks! the gracious words I hear;
Gently He bids me now draw near;
He calls me, and I know His tone,
'Tis love that speaks, and love alone,
I would not wait, but come!

No more earth's siren song has charms
To lure me to the siren's arms ;
  Saviour, thou callest, and I come,
  Thy cross my guide, my star, my home.
    I rise and follow Thee.

Thou art my all, above, below ;
Let every earthly idol go ;
  My God and Lord, to Thee I come,
  My treasure and my song ; for whom
    Have I in heaven but Thee ?

Oh, speak again, oh, speak each hour,
Speak in Almighty love and power ;
  Speak to this faithless, trustless heart,
  Bid doubt and unbelief depart,
    And let me cleave to Thee !

BONAR.

—o—

CHILDHOOD.

THERE are who think that childhood does not share
With age, the cup, the bitter cup of care ;
Alas ! they know not this unhappy truth,
That every age and rank is born to ruth.
From the first dawn of reason to the mind,
Man is foredoomed the thorns of grief to find ;
At every step has farther cause to know,
The draught of pleasure still is dashed with woe.

KIRKE WHITE.

LIGHT BEYOND.

Oh, in this world lies much of sadness,
  Care and sorrow, pain and tears ;
I hear them speak of light and gladness,
  That hope beats high for coming years;
Child of sorrow,—heavy laden,
  Put thy griefs and cares away,
Look not back, 'twill crush thy spirit,
  There's evening-light for every day.

Onward, upward, ever-rising,
  In our thoughts, beyond the sky,
There's a home for all the weary,
  Resting-time is very nigh.
Child of sorrow,—broken-hearted,
  Weeping for the loved and true ;
Only for a short time parted,
  Now in heaven they watch for you.

Rouse thee, mourner ; quell thy sorrow,
  We have each our work on earth to do ;
To-day is ours, the coming morrow
  No more on earth may wake for you ;
And soon no parting, grief, or sadness
  E'er can mar our songs again :
In that home of heavenly gladness
  We shall join the angels' strain.

Mrs D'Arcy.

DIVERS GIFTS.

GREAT offices will have
Great talents: and God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.
To the deliverer of an injured land
He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, a heart
To free, and courage to redress her wrongs;
To monarchs dignity; to judges sense;
To artists ingenuity and skill."

COWPER.

—o—

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away
  Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
  Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
  Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
  And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
  Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
  And trails its blossoms in the dust.

LONGFELLOW.

"HIMSELF HATH DONE IT."

"HIMSELF hath done it all."—Oh, how these words
Should hush to silence every murmuring thought!
"Himself hath done it."—He who loves me best,
He who my soul with His own blood hath bought.

"Himself hath done it."—Can it then be aught
Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love?
Not one unneeded sorrow will He send
To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

"Himself hath done it."—Yes, although severe
May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,
Tis His own hand that holds it, and I know
He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

"Himself hath done it."—Oh, no arm but His
Could e'er sustain beneath earth's dreary lot;
But while I know He's doing all things well,
My heart His loving-kindness questions not.

"Himself hath done it."—He who searched me through
Sees how I cling to earth's ensnaring ties!
And so He breaks each reed on which my soul
Too much for happiness and joy relies.

"Himself hath done it."—He would have me see
What broken cisterns human friends must prove,
That I may turn and quench my burning thirst
At His own fount of *ever-living* love.

"Himself hath done it."—Then I fain would say,
"Thy will in all things evermore be done;"
E'en though that will remove whom best I love,
While Jesus lives I cannot be alone.

"Himself hath done it."—Precious, precious words!
"Himself," my Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Whose faithfulness no variation knows;
Who, having loved me, loves me to the end.

And when in His eternal presence blest,
I at His feet my crown immortal cast,
I'll gladly own with all His ransomed saints,
"Himself hath done it."—All, from first to last.

—o—

PEACE.

How sweet to the soul are the breathings of peace,
When the still voice of pardon bids sorrow to cease,
When the welcome of mercy falls soft on the ear,
"Come hither, ye laden; ye weary, draw near!"

There is rest for the soul that on Jesus relies,
There's a home for the homeless prepared in the skies,
There's a joy in believing, a hope and a stay,
That the world cannot give, nor the world take away.

Oh, had I the wings of a dove, I would fly,
And mount to the pinions of faith in the sky;
Where the still and small breathing to earth that was given
Shall be changed to the anthem and chorus of heaven.

M'COMBE.

SET FREE.

At midnight, between 1870 and 1871, as the connection between the State and the Church of Ireland ceased, an intense frost vanished.

"But as for me, I will come in Thy house in the multitude of Thy mercy; and in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple."
—*Psalms for the Day.*

FROZEN, and chilled, and stranded, they said with an icy sneer,
Black as yon tide her heavens; she will go with the dying year;
But the angel came at midnight, and the grasp of ice gave o'er,
And the ship moved onward grandly to her deeps from the inland shore.

The angel came at midnight, but not with the voice of death,
While the last of the twelve was tolling, the land felt a living breath.
Through the wintry dawn came a promise of the summer of life to be—
One chain that had bound her was broken, and Ireland's Church was free.

Thousands of voices blending, prayed the Helmsman still to keep
Her course from the hidden shallows, through the dangers of the deep.
I heard, and I knew there were dangers, but my heart rose o'er their care,
With the bound of that glorious vessel, on the mighty wave of prayer!

And they echoed the old psalm's music, "We will go to Thy house, O Lord
In the multitude of Thy mercy;" We praise Thee with glad accord!
In the might of Thy Spirit's blessing we will suffer and work for Thee,
Till Thou bring our ship to anchor at the mouth of the crystal sea.

MRS H. FAUSSETT (A. BOND).

---o---

"*CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM.*"

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Will share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine,
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that Love which died for sin,
That Love which wept for woe.

CREWDSON.

CHRISTIAN DUTY.

A FEW short years of pain and peace—
Of light and shade—and then shall cease
The longest life of earthly span,
The "threescore years and ten" of man.
Yet, oh, the weight of weal or woe,
That rests upon our course below!
How many—or for good or ill,
Our silent influence daily feel!
Oh, if such brief, uncertain space
There be, in which to run life's race,
If as we daily, hourly dwell,
Will be our meed of heaven or hell!
Ah! surely it were well to seek
For grace to think, to act, to speak,
With Christian gentleness and love,
As those who hope to meet above?
To lift and lighten as we may,
Each other's burden on the way!

E. FOX.

—o—

GOD'S ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial ground God's Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they have garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life—alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
  In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
  Shall winnow like a fan the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
  In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
  With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
  And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God,
  This is the place where human harvests grow!

LONGFELLOW.

—o—

IT IS WELL.

BELOVÈD, it is well;
  God's ways are always right;
And love is o'er them all,
  Though far above our sight.

Belovèd, it is well;
  Though deep and sore the smart,
He wounds, who knows and cares
  To heal the broken heart.

Belovèd, it is well;
  Though grief benight our way,
'Twill make the joy more dear
  That comes with dawning day.

Belovèd, it is well;
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.

——o——

TILL HE COME.

"Ye do show the Lord's death till He come."—1 Cor. xi. 26.

TILL He come—oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords!
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb;
It is only "Till He come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss;
Death, and darkness, and the tomb
Only whisper, "Till He come."

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;

Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Calls us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come."

BICKERSTETH.

—o—

THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

HARK, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

FABER.

OUR LIFE ON EARTH.

SOME there are scarcely seen
  On this world's troublous wave;
So short the space between
  The cradle and the grave.

And some in middle age,
  While busy life beats high,
Earth's warfare cease to wage
  And lay them down to die;

To "threescore years and ten,"
  Of sorrow and of strife,
Some struggle on, and then
  Yield up this weary life.

Some toil a longer space,
  Ere that their labour's done;
And run a longer race,
  Ere sinks their setting sun.

'Tis but of little worth
  How short, how long, our stay
Amidst the things of earth,
  Whose impress is decay;—

So that the soul be strong
  In faith, and hope, and love;
And all life's path along
  Sees HOME and REST above.

E. FOX.

IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.

MATT. xiv. 27.

THE eye of Jesus watching
  The toilers on the lake,
When winds and waves are thwarting
  Their efforts for His sake :

The ear of Jesus hearing
  The strong and earnest cry—
"Lord, save us, or we perish,"
  Ascending to the sky :

The heart of Jesus yearning,
  And pleading in His might,
Whilst their frail bark is tossing,
  And struggling all the night :

The form of Jesus moving
  Across life's troubled sea,
To still its angry waters,
  To make them calm for thee :

The feet of Jesus coming
  Through darkness of thy grief,
To light thy desolation,
  To bring thy heart relief :

The hand of Jesus guiding,
  When waves of trouble roll ;
When billows of temptation
  Are surging round thy soul :

The promises of Jesus—
They're flashing round the tomb,
Like signals from the mainland,
To light thee through the gloom :

The morning watch is breaking,
The darkness flieth past ;
He comes ! and He is speaking !
(It is Himself at last !)
"Tis I ; be not afraid."

DEAN PAKENHAM WALSH.

—o—

LAZARUS.

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house returned,
Was this demanded—if he yearned
To hear her weeping by his grave ?

Where wert thou, brother, those four days ?
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crowned
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ !
The rest remaineth unrevealed ;
He told it not ; or something sealed
The lips of that evangelist.

TENNYSON.

ALMOST HOME.

FROM earth retiring,
Heavenward aspiring,
All my long day's work below now done;
Calmly reclining,
All unrepining,
Jesus, let me lean on Thy love alone.

On love relying,
Thy love undying,
Not a shade can fall upon my soul;
Here am I resting,
The joy foretasting
Of the life beyond this life's dark goal.

Thine arms embracing,
Each shadow chasing,
Chains of flesh now cease my soul to hold;
Pilgrim staff breaking,
Royal badge taking,
Earth's torn raiment all exchanged for gold.

No more low caring,
No more wayfaring;
These soiled sandals loosed and flung away,
Done with the soiling,
Done with the toiling,
All my burdens lay I down for aye.

Ended the jarring,
Past all the warring,
Quit I gladly life's rude war-array,
Victory crying,
Enemies flying,
Thus my armour put I off for aye.

Pain yet assails me,
Strength ofttimes fails me,
    Yet my weakness is my strength and rest;
Light o'er me stealing,
Softly revealing
    Scenes of glory up among the blest.

Head no more sinking,
Eyes no more shrinking,
    From the world's gay glitter here below;
Life's cup just draining,
Time's star fast waning:
    Christ Jesus, receive my soul! to Thee I go.

Earth is retreating,
Heaven is to me greeting,
    Hope is lighting up new scenes above;
Tranquilly lying,
Peacefully dying,
    Jesus beckons upward to His love.

BONAR.

—o—

AFFLICTION.

IF affliction grasp thee rudely,
  And present the rack and cup,
Drink the draught, and brave the torture,
  Even in despair look up!
Still look up, for One there liveth
  With the will and power to save;
One who knows each human sorrow,
  From the cradle to the grave.

THE BATTLE OF SADOWA.

July 3, 1866.

THE sun arose in glorious might,
And shed his beams of beauteous light
Upon Sadowa's plain ;
There Prussia's gathered soldiers stand
A faithful, loyal, valiant band
The army doth contain.

Hark ! hark ! and hear the cannon's roar,
The battle now is raging sore
And deadly is the strife ;
Bloody and desperate is the fight,
The Austrian arms are put to flight,
And many a one yields life.

And now upon the crimson ground,
Where desolation reigns around,
The dead and wounded lie ;
Go,—and behold that ghastly plain,—
Go,—and look on the bleeding slain,—
And hear the widow's sigh.

The warrior no more shall wield
His sword upon the battle field,
The hero's course is run ;
He lies now weltering in his gore,
Life's struggles all for him are o'er,
The soldier's crown is won.

Upon the sultry, fetid air
Echo the shrieks of dark despair,
The orphan's plaintive moan ;
In searching o'er that ghastly place
She recognised her father's face
And heard his parting groan.

Listen ! the widow's heart is rent—
Behold that head in anguish bent,
And hear her stricken tone ;
"Speak once again, Friend of my heart,
And then ! oh then ! thou mayst depart,
Speak but once more my own !"

Oh ! desolate is the peasant's cot,
And sad and mournful is the spot
That used to ring with glee ;
Oh war ! how terrible thou art,
How dire and dreadful is thy dart,
Wherever it may flee.

Great God of peace, do Thou be nigh,
And bend o'er earth Thy pitying eye ;
Behold the widow's woe ;
Look on her lonely, sacred grief,
Do Thou in mercy send relief,
And ease her weary blow.

Restrain this war ; give peace, we pray,
All human strife take Thou away ;
Let all once more unite
In friendship's sacred fold to dwell,
Together let their praises swell
To Thy great throne of light.

EMMA MOODY.

SADDENED MEMORIES.

WHO that a watcher doth remain
Beside a couch of mortal pain,
Deems he can ever smile again !

Or who that weeps beside a bier
Counts he has any more to fear
From the world's flatteries, false and leer !

And yet anon and he must start
At the light toys in which his heart
Can now already claim its part.

O hearts of ours so weak and poor,
That nothing there can long endure ;
And so their hurts find shameful cure.

While every sadder, wiser thought,
Each holier aim which sorrow brought,
Fades quite away and comes to nought.

O Thou who dost our weakness know,
Watch for us, that the strong hours so
Not wean us from our wholesome woe.

Grant Thou that we may long retain
The wholesome memories of pain,
Nor wish to loose them soon again.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THE LOST DAY.

LOST! lost! lost!
  A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
  And graved in paradise:
Set round with three times eight
  Large diamonds clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
  All changeful as the light.

Lost where the thoughtless throng
  In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
  Leaving a sting behind.
Yet to my hand 'twas given,
  A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
  To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
  I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
  Can ne'er be mine again:
I offer no reward
  For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that heaven's entrusted gift
  Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land,
  Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
  Who judgeth quick and dead;

And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread enquiry meets my soul,
What shall *it* answer there?

MRS SIGOURNEY.

—o—

FIGHT ON.

FIGHT on! fight on! 'tis morning time,
Your arms are strong—your nerves are strung;
Quit you like men in life's young prime;
For loftier cause than verse has sung
Demands your steadfast, best endeavour—
God's and your soul's—fight on—fight ever!

Fight on! fight on! temptation's glare
Pours hotly down from mid-life's sky,
In triple force of scoff, sneer, snare;
Yet faint not, he who yields must die.
God's strength that triple force can sever.
Your cause is His—fight on—fight ever!

Fight on! the shadows from the west
Fall lengthening;—shrink not from the strife;
Still onward lies the promised rest,
And yours is conflict bound for life;
Only to cease beyond the river,
The war-cry still—"Fight on! fight ever!"

Fight on! fight on! tis nearly dark,—
The foe's choice hour your strength to prove;
Hold out and you shall reach that mark,
Nor death, nor demon's power can move;
For victor's crown that fadeth never,
Brother! once more—fight on! fight ever!

ARCHDEACON ROWAN.

COMMUNION.

MORN is the time to act ;—noon to endure,
But oh ! if thou would'st keep thy spirit pure,
Turn from the weaker path by worldlings trod,
Go forth at eventide to walk with God.

—o—

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
  That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
  To touch their harps of gold :
" Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
  From heaven's all-gracious King ! "—
The world in solemn stillness lay
  To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
  With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
  O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
  They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
  The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
  The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
  Two thousand years of wrong ;

And men, at war with men, hear not
  The words of peace they bring :—
Oh ! listen now, ye men of strife,
  And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
  Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
  With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
  Come swiftly on the wing :
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
  And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
  By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
  Comes round the age of gold ;
When Peace shall over all the earth
  Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
  Which now the angels sing.

O Prince of Peace, Thou knowest well
  This weary world below ;
Thou seëst how men climb the way
  With painful steps and slow.
Oh ! still the jarring sounds of earth
  That round the pathway ring,
And bid the toilers rest awhile
  To hear the angels sing !

SEARS.

THE DOVE.

Oh! beautiful and tender little Dove!
Sweet messenger of holy peace and love,
Oh! would that I like thee had buoyant wings,
To soar above earth's frail and fleeting things;
Then would I flee away and be at rest,
As thou dost fly for shelter to thy nest.

E. Fox.

—o—

HOPE.

Immortal Hope,
Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

Young.

—o—

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
In accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Jesus! tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Oh! all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But if you still this call refuse,
And all the wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn,
Too late! too late! will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

From Sacred Songs.

IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE.

THE gems of earth are still within
  Her silent unwrought mines;
There hide they, all unknown, unseen;
  No sparkle upward shines.

The stars of heaven now few and wan
  Are all we see below,
Compared with what remain unseen
  Beyond all vision now!

Who knows the untold brilliance there,
  The wealth, the beauty hid,
Like sparkle of a lustrous eye
  Beneath its veiling lid!

So with the heaven of better stars,
  Of which these are but signs;
So with the stores of wisdom hid
  In everlasting mines.

For what we shall in that day be,
  It doth not yet appear;
But when we see Him as He is,
  We shall His likeness wear.

BONAR.

DAILY STRENGTH.

"As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

FATHER, I know that all my life
  Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
  I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
  Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
  Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
  And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure for itself
  To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
  That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
  Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
  And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
  In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
  To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
  For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
  To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
  While keeping at thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
  If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
  In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
  With grateful love to Thee ;
More careful—not to serve Thee much—
  But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path
  That call for patient care,
There is a cross in every lot,
  And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
  Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints,
  There are no bonds for me ;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
  That makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
  Is a life of liberty.

A. L. WARING.

TRIALS.

No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels ;
No cure for such till God, who makes them, heals :
And thou, sad sufferer under nameless ill,
That yields not to the touch of human skill ;
Improve the kind occasion, understand
A Father's frown, and kiss His chastening hand.

COWPER.

—o—

COMFORT.

"O wie manche, schöne Stunde."

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."—ROM. viii. 28.

O HOW many hours of beauty
Has the Master dealt around !
And how many broken spirits
Has He tenderly upbound !

O how often, to refresh us,
Warmly beams the sun of life,
Chasing from our brows the furrows
Gathered in its gloom and strife.

Thus it will go on for ever,
Till the end of all things here ;
Till our Lord to glory call us,
In His presence to appear.

Then the Fatherland to enter,
And no more as pilgrims drest,
But adorned with all the shining,
Festal raiment of the blest.

Should not this thy spirit strengthen
  To rejoice, be calm and still,
And to follow where He leadeth,
  Let Him lead thee where He will?

All things work for thy salvation,
  If indeed thou art His friend;
Tarry but a little season,
  Only wait until the end.

So the bitterest, as the sweetest,
  Serve alike to lead to heaven;
Nor thy voice alone shall praise Him
  For the cross that once was given.

Doubtless rugged heights arising
  Fill thy heart with deep alarms;
But where thou canst not surmount them,
  Christ will bear thee in His arms.

Only journey ever onward,
  Farther on the homeward way,
Ever with an eye uplifted
  To the clearer realms of day.

Fearless thou mayest tread the valley,
  All in shadow though it be,
When the open blue of heaven
  Shines beyond the gloom for thee.

From "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
  And the grave is not its goal :
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
  Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
  Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present,
  Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
  Footprints on the sands of time :

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

—o—

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
  The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
  Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
  From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
  It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
  The storm was loud, the night was dark ;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
  The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
  Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,—
  It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all ;
  It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
  It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
  I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
  The Star—the Star of Bethlehem !

KIRKE WHITE.

—o—

HYMN.

IN SORROW.

SAVIOUR, when in life's dark wild
  Far from Thee my footsteps stray :
Lead, oh lead, my wandering spirit
  Back into the narrow way :
Wean this heart from all that's earthly,
  From each idol it has made ;
From each flower of mortal beauty,
  Flowers which bloom awhile,—then fade.
Saviour, mighty Saviour, hear me,
Listen when I cry to Thee.

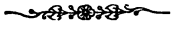
Raise this weary earth-bound spirit,
  Lowly bending at Thy feet ;
Wash it in the crimson Fountain
  Issuing from Thy mercy-seat.
Thou hast seen the bitter anguish,
  Thou hast marked the burning tear

Welling from its heart of sorrow
  When none but Thou, O Christ, wert near.
Mighty Saviour, bend and hear me,
Raise this weary heart to Thee.

Wean it from its creature-idols,
  Fix on Thee its hope and trust;
Break each galling chain which binds it
  To those kindred ties of dust.
Thou who raised the widow's lone one,
  Thou who wept at Lazarus' grave,
Thou who seest our heart's deep anguish,
  Thou who died our souls to save;
Immanuel, Jesus,—bend and hear me,
Listen from Thy throne on high.

In each hour of tribulation,
  In our deep sad misery,
When the world frowns coldly on us,
  Raise our breaking hearts to Thee.
When we see our idols shattered,
  When we see them droop and die,
And the star of hope has perished
  In our darkened, earthly sky;
In that trying hour be with us,
Mighty Saviour,—be Thou nigh.

MRS D'ARCY.



"*HOW OLD ART THOU?*"

COUNT not the days that have idly flown,
The years that were vainly spent;
Nor speak of the hours thou must blush to own
When thy spirit stands before the throne,
To account for the talents lent.

But number the hours redeemed from sin,
The moments employed for heaven;—
Oh, few and evil thy days have been,
Thy life, a toilsome but worthless scene,
For a nobler purpose given.

Will the shade go back on thy dial-plate?
Will thy sun stand still on his way?
Both hasten on; and thy spirit's fate
Rests on the point of life's little date;—
Then live while 'tis called to-day.

Life's waning hours, like the Sibyl's page,
As they lessen, in value rise:
Oh! rouse thee and live; nor deem that man's age
Stands in the length of his pilgrimage,
But in days that are truly wise.

THE SABBATH.

It was a pleasant morning, in the time
When the leaves fall, and the bright sun shone out
As when the morning stars first sang together,
So quietly and calmly fell his light
Upon a world at rest. There was no leaf
In motion, and the loud winds slept, and all
Was still. The labouring herd was grazing
Upon the hillside quietly, uncalled
By the harsh voice of man; and distant sound,
Save from the murmuring waterfall, came not
As usual on the ear. One hour stole on,
And then another of the morning, calm
And still as Eden ere the birth of man;
And then broke in the Sabbath chime of bells,
And the old man and his descendants went
Together to the house of God. I joined
The well-apparelled crowd. The holy man
Rose solemnly, and breathed the prayer of faith,
And the grey saint just on the wing for heaven,
And the fair maid, and the bright-haired young man,
And child of curling locks, just taught to close
The lash of its blue eye the while, all knelt
In attitude of prayer;—and then the hymn,
Sincere in its low melody, went up
To worship God.

The white-haired pastor rose
And looked upon his flock,—and with an eye
That told his interest, and voice that spoke
In tremulous accents eloquence like Paul's,
He lent Isaiah's fire to the truths
Of revelation, and persuasion came

Like gushing waters from his lips, till hearts
Unused to bend were softened, and the eye
Unwont to weep sent forth the willing tear.
I went my way, but as I went I felt
How well it was that the world-weary soul
Should have its times to set its burden down.

WILLIS.

—o—

ONE NOTE WRONG.

BLUE bends the sky above,
  Blue runs the stream below—
Earth quiet as a dove;
  Would that my heart were so!

Nor leaf nor shadow falls
  On all the green hillside;
Even to the cuckoo's calls
  Echo but half replied.

Bird, blossom, branch, and stream,
  All quiet as the air;
And, lying as in a dream,
  Earth seemeth passing fair.

Oh! what a hymn divine
  Breathes from this golden noon;
Only this heart of mine,
  Is beating out of tune.

THE FUTURE.

WHAT may be my future lot,
Well I know, concerns me not ;
This should set my heart at rest,—
What Thy will ordains is best.

—o—

SOLITUDE.

IT is not that my lot is low
That bids this silent tear to flow ;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home ;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet, when the silent evening sighs,
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed ;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh.

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale ;
I have none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too ;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

KIRKE WHITE.

—o—

NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE!

NEAR thee, still near thee!—o'er thy pathway gliding,
Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low sigh;
Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes dividing,
Yet viewless love floats round thee silently!
Not midst the festal throng,
In halls of mirth and song,
But when thy thoughts are deepest,
When holy tears thou weepest,
Know then *that* love is nigh.

When the night's whisper o'er thy harp-strings creeping,
Or the sea-music on the sounding shore,
Or breezy anthems through the forest sweeping,
Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore;
When every thought and prayer
We loved to breath and share,
On thy full heart returning,
Shall wake its voiceless yearning ;
Then feel me near once more!

Near thee, still near thee!—trust thy soul's deep dreaming!
Oh! love is not an earthly rose, to die!
Even when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,
Thine image wanders with me through the sky.

The fields of air are free,
Yet lonely, wanting thee;
But when thy chains are falling,
When heaven its own is calling,
Know then, thy guide is nigh!

MRS HEMANS.

CALM ME, MY GOD!

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast,
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let thine outstretchèd wing,
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert-spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
  Like Him who bore my shame ;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
  Who hate Thy holy Name.

Calm when the great world's news with power
  My listening spirit stir ;
Let not the tidings of an hour
  E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
  Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war
  The eternal calm to gain!

BONAR.

—o—

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
  Safe on His gentle breast ;
There, by His love o'ershaded,
  Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels
  Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
  Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
  Safe from corroding care ;
Safe from the world's temptations,
  Sin cannot harm me there ;
Free from the blight of sorrow,
  Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
  Only a few more tears.

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
  Jesus has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
  Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
  Wait till the night is o'er ;
Wait till I see the morning
  Break on the golden shore. *Sacred Songs.*

——o——

LONGING FOR HOME.

A SONG of a boat ;—
There was once a boat on a billow ;
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would
  blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow ;
I marked her course, till, a dancing mote,
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear-loved home,
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
  For it is but short :—
My boat you shall find none fairer afloat
  In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore
  On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
  For he came not back to me.

A song of a nest :—
There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim ;
Vetches leaned over it, purple and dim,
With buttercupbuds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long :—
You shall never light in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder litter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I !
Right dearly I loved them : but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly.
O one after one, they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me—
My empty nest ?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west ?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed ?
Can I call that home where my heart was set,
Now all its hope has failed ?

Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
  And the land where my nestlings be ;
There is the home where my hopes are bent,
  The only home for me.

JEAN INGELOW.

THY WILL BE DONE.

FOUR little words, no more—
  Easy to say ;
But thoughts that went before,
  Can words convey ?

The struggle, only known
  To one proud soul,
And Him whose eye alone
  Has marked the whole.

Before that stubborn will
  At length was broke,
And a low, "Peace, be still !"
  One soft voice spoke.

The pang when that sad heart
  Its dreams resigned,
And strength was found to part
  Those bonds long twined.

To yield that treasure up
  So fondly clasped,
To drain that bitter cup,
  So sadly grasped !

But all is calm at last,—
  "Thy will be done!"
Enough, the storm is past,
  The field is won.

Now for the peaceful breast,
  The quiet sleep;
For soul and spirit rest,
  Tranquil and deep.

Rest, whose full bliss and power
  They only know,
Who knew the bitter hour
  Of restless woe.

The rebel will subdued,
  The fond heart free,—
"Thy will be done!" *All* good
  That comes from Thee.

H. L. L.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
  Comes to me, o'er and o'er,
I am nearer home to-day,
  Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house
  Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
  Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
  Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
  Nearer wearing the crown.

But lying darkly between,
  Winding on through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
  That leads at last to the light.

Saviour,—perfect my trust,
  Strengthen the hand of my faith ;
Let me feel Thee near,—as I stand
  On the edge of the river of death.

Feel Thee near when my feet
  Are stepping o'er the brink ;
For it may be I am nearer home ;
  Nearer, perhaps, than I think.

CAREY.

—o—

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE breaking waves dashed high
  On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
  Their giant branches tossed ;
And the heavy night hung dark
  The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
  On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
  They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
  And the trumpet that sings of fame ;
Not as the flying come,
  In silence and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
  With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
  And the stars heard and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
  To the anthem of the free!
The ocean eagle soared
  From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
  This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
  Amidst that pilgrim band,—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
  Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod ;
They have left unstained what there they found—
  Freedom to worship God.

MRS HEMANS.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

BARREN fig-tree sure am I,
Every branch is bare and dry,
Hew and burn ;—it merits all ;—
Justly would the sentence fall.
Yet one other year, oh, spare !
Dig it, dung it, it may bear ;
If not, then the fire, ah me !
Must consume the fruitless tree.

From the Latin, translated by BONAR.

—o—

"*YEA, LET HIM TAKE ALL.*"

2 SAM. xix. 30.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver, and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my moments, and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart; it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

—o—

PEACE.

I HAVE found peace in the bright earth,
And in the sunny sky,
By the low voice of summer seas,
And where streams murmur by.

I find it in the quiet tone
Of voices that I love;
By the flickering of a twilight fire,
And in the leafless grove.

I find it in the silent flow
Of solitary thought;
In calm, half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self-taught.

But seldom have I found such peace
  As in the soul's deep joy,
Of passing onward, free from harm,
  Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek, we only tire,
  And lift our hopes too high ;
The constant flowers that line our way
  Alone can satisfy.

ALFORD.

—o—

GOD'S TAKING.

O THOU ! who never tak'st from Thy beloved,
  Except to give them more,
When most is gone from our sweet earthly good,
  Then most Thou hast in store.

We are too blind with tears, dear Lord, to count
  Thy garnered treasure true ;
Our weary hearts are all too weak to mount
  To such a heavenly view.

Our eyes rest on the empty places here—
  We stand by open tombs—
And, gathering round our footsteps year by year,
  Are ever-deepening glooms.

But Thou can'st raise the weariest eye to Thee—
  Ease the most troubled heart—
Teach the most faithless and perverse to see,
  By thy divinest art.

How true thy reckoning is—"a little while,"
"These light afflictions" borne—
And then—the hidden rapture of Thy smile
In heaven's celestial morn!

The open treasure-house, our own domain,
Rich in all goodly store,—
All sad hours turned to joy—all loss to gain,
And rest for evermore.

No aching heart, nor empty arms again,
For thro' these passing hours,
Safe in thy home and free from every stain
Are Thy beloved, and ours.

E. A. KILPIN.

—o—

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour,
Spent in Thy presence, will prevail to make;
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take;
What parchèd ground refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to tower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power;
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves the wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

"*WAIT ON THE LORD.*"

St John xi. 3.

One touch from Thee—the Healer of diseases,
  One little touch would make our brother whole;
And yet Thou comest not: O blessed Jesus,
  Send a swift answer to our waiting soul!

Full many a message have we sent and pleaded
  That Thou wouldst haste Thy coming, gracious Lord;
Each message was received, and heard, and heeded,
  And yet we welcome no responsive word!

We know that Thou art blessing, whilst withholding;
  We know that Thou art near us, though apart;
And though we list no answer, Thou art folding
  Our poor petitions to Thy smitten heart.

A bright and glorious answer is preparing,
  Hid in the heights of love—the depths of grace;
We know that Thou, the Risen, still art bearing
  Our cause as Thine, within the holy place.

And so we trust our pleadings to Thy keeping;
  So at Thy feet we lay our burdens down,
Content to bear the earthly cross, with weeping,
  Till at Thy feet we cast the heavenly crown.

T. C.

MIZPAH.

GENESIS xxxi. 49.

THE Lord between us ever watch,
  That both be next His side,
That one calm haven, safe of rest,
  In this world's troubled tide.

Between me and the world, Lord, watch,
  That each gay, glittering scene
May show its hollow vanity,
  When I see Thee between.

Between me and my failures, Lord,
  May Thy completeness be,
Thus hiding self, and teaching me
  To watch and follow Thee.

Between me and the evil one,
  Be Thou my constant shield,
Teach me to wear Thine armour proof,
  To drive him from the field.

And, oh, dear Lord! watch Thou between
  Me and my loved ones here;
Oh, do not let them fill Thy place,
  And be to me *too* dear!

When Thou art first and best beloved,
  The dearest one to me
Cannot be pressed too close or near,
  For Thou between wouldst be.

The Lord between us ever watch,
That both be next His side,
That one calm haven, safe of rest,
In this world's troubled tide.

—o—

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

It matters not at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep; Death cannot come
To him untimely, who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of Heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

MILMAN.

—o—

THANKFUL MEMORIES.

I look along the past, and gather themes
For praise to Thee, my ever-gracious God:
It is a past of mercy, and it teems
With goodness at each step along the road.

Not always gladness and prosperity,
But always goodness from Thy patient hand;
Always the love that, even in saddest day,
Traced its clear prints upon time's silent sand.

I thank Thee for a holy ancestry;
I bless Thee for a godly parentage;
For seeds of truth, and light, and purity,
Sown in this heart from childhood's earliest age.

For Word, and Church, and watchful ministry,
  The beacon, and the tutor, and the guide ;
For the parental hand, and lip, and eye,
  That kept me far from snares on every side.

I thank Thee for a true and noble creed,
  For wisdom, poetry, and gentle song ;
For the bright flower, and for the wayside weed,
  The friendship of the kind, and brave, and strong.

I thank the love that kept my life from sin,
  Even when my heart was far from God and truth ;
That gave me, for a lifetime's heritage,
  The purities of unpolluted youth ;

That kept my eyes from gazing on the wrong,
  And taught them all the sweetness of the right ;
That made me in my quiet hours to long
  To get beyond this darkness into light ;

That showed me that the world was not a rest,
  Even when it looked the loveliest, and its face
Shone with the gladness of the glowing east,
  When it foretells a noon of cloudlessness ;

That told me that all pomp was but a name,
  That gold and silver were not life and joy ;
That what to-day bestowed of love or fame,
  To-morrow's breath would wither and destroy ;

That kept me from the riotous and rude,
  The oath, the lust, the revel, the lewd song ;
That drew my footsteps to the wise and good,
  And bid me shun the pleasure-loving throng ;

That made me feel, even amid scenes most bright,
  At times a strange, dark void and vacancy ;
A longing for the real and infinite,
  For something that would fill and satisfy ;

For suns that would not set, for stars and skies
  O'er which no sorrow-laden cloud would sweep,
Beauty that lives, and love that never dies ;
  A deeper and diviner fellowship.

If earthly beauty, said I, be so fair,
  How fairer far the beautiful above !
If creature love be so exceeding dear,
  How dearer far the uncreated love !

O birth-place of the loveliness and light,
  That shine so sweetly over earth and sea!
How excellent must Thou, the infinite,
  Eternal Source of all that beauty, be !

Show me Thyself, then all is well with me,
  Being of beings, fulness evermore ;
Then shall my soul possess, my God, in Thee
  Its never-emptying, everlasting store.

So shall the world be crucified to me,
  So to the world shall I be crucified ;
Thy face in righteousness, Lord, I shall see ;
  When I awake, I shall be satisfied.

BONAR.

SOME MURMUR WHEN THEIR SKY IS CLEAR.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear,
  And wholly bright to view,
If but one speck of dark appear
  In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
  If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
  The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
  In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
  And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire,
  How Love has in their aid
(Love that never seems to tire)
  Such rich provision made.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

—o—

WILL.

OH well for him whose will is strong;
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong;
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who sees a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial, venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still !
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary, sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

TENNYSON.

—o—

NATURE.

NATURE, so far as in her lies,
Imitates God, and turns her face
To every land beneath the skies,
Counts nothing that she meets with base,
But lives and loves in every place.

TENNYSON.

—o—

NAAMAN'S SERVANT.

"WHO for the like of me will care ?"
So whispers many a mournful heart,
When in the weary, languid air,
For grief or scorn we pine apart.

So haply mused yon little maid,
From Israel's breezy mountain borne,
No more to rest in Sabbath shade,
Watching the free and waving corn.

A captive now, and sold, and bought,
  In the proud Syrian's hall she waits.
Forgotten—such her moody thought—
  Even as the worm beneath the gates.

But One who ne'er forgets us here :
  He hath a word for thee to speak :
Oh, serve Him yet in duteous fear,
  And to thy Gentile lord be meek.

So shall the healing Name be known
  By thee on many a heathen shore,
And Naaman on his chariot throne
  Wait humbly by Elisha's door.

By thee desponding lepers know
  The sacred water's sevenfold might,
Then wherefore sink in listless woe ?
  Christ's poor and needy claim your right.

Your heavenly right to do and bear
  All for His sake ; nor yield one sigh
To pining doubt ; nor ask "Who care
  In the wide world for such as I ?"

KEBLE.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

St John ix. 4.

Work, for the night is coming;
  Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
  Work, 'mid springing flowers:
Work, when the day grows brighter,
  Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
  When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming;
  Work, through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour;
  Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
  Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
  When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
  Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
  Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
  Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
  When man's work is o'er.

From "Sacred Songs."

NO THORN WITHOUT A ROSE.

"THERE is no rose without a thorn!"
Who has not found it true,
And known that griefs of gladness born
Our footsteps still pursue?

That in the grandest harmony
The strangest discords rise,
The brightest bow we only see
Upon the darkest skies?

No thornless rose! So more and more
Our pleasant hopes are laid,
Where waves this sable legend o'er
A still sepulchral shade.

But Faith and Love with angel might,
Break up life's dismal tomb,
Transmitting into golden light
The worlds of leaden gloom.

Reversing all this funeral pall,
White raiment they disclose,
Their happy songs float full and long,—
No thorn without a rose.

No shadow but its sister light
Not far away must burn;
No weary night but morning bright
Shall follow in its turn.

No chilly snow but safe below
A million buds are sleeping;
No wintry days, but fair spring rays
Are swiftly onward sweeping.

With fiercest glare of summer air
  Comes fullest leafy shade;
And ruddy fruit bends every shoot,
  Because the blossoms fade.

No note of sorrow but shall melt
  In sweetest chord unguessed;
No labour all too pressing felt
  But ends in quiet rest.

No sigh but from the harps above
  Soft echoing tones shall win;
No heart-wound but the Lord of Love
  Shall pour His comfort in.

No withered hope, while loving best
  Thy Father's chosen way;
No anxious care, for He will bear
  Thy burdens every day.

Thy claim to rest on Jesu's breast
  All weariness shall be;
And pain thy portal to His heart
  Of boundless sympathy.

No conflict but the King's own hand
  Shall end the glorious strife;
No death but leads thee to the land
  Of everlasting life.

Sweet seraph voices, Faith and Love,
  Sing on within our hearts
This strain of music from above
  Till we have learnt our parts;

Until we see your alchemy
  On all that years disclose,
And taught by you, shall find it true,
  No Thorn without a Rose.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS."

ECCLESIASTES xi. 6.

Sow ye beside all waters,
  Where the dew of heaven may fall;
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
  For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee;
  One wore the thorns for thee:
And, though the cold world scorn thee,
  Patient and hopeful be.
Sow ye beside all waters,
  With a blessing and a prayer,
Name Him whose hand upholds thee,
  And sow thou everywhere.

Sow when the sunlight sheddeth
  Its warm and cheering ray;
For the rain of heaven descendeth
  When the sunbeams pass away.
Sow when the tempest lours,
  For calmer days will break;
And the seed in darkness nourished,
  A goodly plant will make.

Sow when the morning breaketh
  In beauty o'er the land;
And, when the evening falleth,
  Withhold not thou thine hand.

Sow, though the rock repel thee
  In its cold and sterile pride,
Some cleft may there be riven,
  Where the little seed may hide.
Fear not, for some will flourish;
  And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
  Will the scattered grain be found.
Work while the daylight lasteth,
  Ere the shades of night come on;
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
  And the labourer's work is done.

Work in the wild waste places,
  Though none thy love may own;
God marks the down of the thistle
  The wandering wind hath sown.
Will Jesus chide thy weakness,
  Or call thy labour vain?
The word that for Him thou bearest
  Shall return to Him again.
On! with thy heart in Heaven,
  Thy strength—thy Master's might,
Till the wild waste places blossom
  In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

Sow by the wayside gladly,
  In the damp dark caverns low,
Where the sunlight never reacheth,
  Nor healthful streamlets flow;

Where the withering air of poison
  Is the young bud's earliest breath,
And the wild unwholesome blossom
  Bears in its beauty—death.
The ground impure, o'ertrodden
  By life's disfiguring years,
Though blood and guilt have stained it,
  May yet be soft with tears.

Watch not the clouds above thee,
  Let the whirlwind round thee sweep;
God may the seed-time give thee,
  But another's hand may reap:
Have faith, though ne'er beholding
  The seed burst from its tomb,
Thou know'st not which may prosper,
  Or whether all shall bloom.
Room on the narrowest ridges
  The ripening grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest coming
  In the harvest sheaves may bind.

ANNA SHIPTON.

—o—

"*REJOICE EVERMORE.*"

DARK shadows of affliction fall
  Around the weary path I tread;
I taste the wormwood and the gall,
  Oft as I eat my daily bread;
Yet still I hear my Saviour's voice,
Rejoice, for evermore rejoice.

Courage, faint heart; though troubles sore
  In stormy billows o'er thee sweep,
And ceaselessly the tempest roar
  And deep still calleth unto deep,
Still the deep undertone is heard,
Rejoice!—it is thy Saviour's word.

Rejoice, released from Satan's fangs,
  And marked by Jesus for His own;
Marked with the sigh of His deep pangs,
  That did thy mortal sin atone:
Despite all powers of earthly ill
Rejoice,—thy Saviour loves thee still.

When pain thy body,—grief thine heart
  Shall wring with agonising throes,
Thy God doth make thee know in part,
  Thy Saviour's cross, thy Saviour's woes;
Rejoice to think how great must be
The love wherewith Christ lovèd thee.

Rejoice, thy Saviour's pangs are o'er,
  Rejoice, thy course speeds day by day,
And year by year to that blest shore
  Whence grief and tears have fled away;
Where with the angels thou shalt sing
Glory to our Eternal King.

REV. H. BAYLY.

"TALITHA CUMI."

"Talitha Cumi" is a common term of endearment in the Hebrew, used by loving mothers to wake their children. The old familiar words were what Jesus used. They seem to tell us that in the glad waking, after the sleep of death, there will be nothing startling. It will be all just as natural as waking *now*. The old familiar love which has blessed us here, will greet us there.

I.

"TALITHA CUMI!" the mother said,
As she bent o'er her darling's tiny bed;
And the baby opened her dreamy eyes,
And gazed on her mother with glad surprise.

"Talitha Cumi!" The words so dear,
And words that the little one loved to hear,
So gently the spell of her slumber broke,
That the baby smiled as the mother spoke.

II.

"Talitha Cumi!" The well-known word
Of tenderest greeting the maiden heard,
As Jesus bent over the little bed,
And laid His hand on the sleeper's head.

"Talitha Cumi!" "My little lamb!"
At the gentle summons the spirit came;
And the power of death in the dust was laid
When the Saviour spoke to the little maid.

III.

"Talitha Cumi!" The words of love
Will come to the sleeper from Christ above;
And the perfect love which can know no fear
Will answer with rapture the words so dear.

"Talitha Cumi!" "Arise, my child!
The way has been rough, and the night been wild;
But the morning has dawned of endless day.
Rise up, my fair one, and come away!"

"Talitha Cumi!" We shall not fear,
When the death-sleep ends with the words we hear,
And the light of eternity breaks at last,
When the Saviour speaks as in days gone past.

C. B.

—o—

"*THY WILL BE DONE.*"

FATHER! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid
Strengthen Thy Son;

Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Oh, to be chastened, let Thy might
Hallow this grief.

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done;"

By Thy meek spirit, Thou of all
That e'er have mourned, the chief—
Thou Saviour! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief.

MRS HEMANS.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."—DANIEL xii. 3.

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose:
I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.

A gentle touch awakened me,—a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled,
We left the earth, so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went,—my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next would meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.

We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold:
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;

It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory His alone."

But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.

And then in solemn tones He said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow — adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on me, and life through me is thine,
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?

"Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow,
For every soul they led to me, they wear a jewel now!

And such *thy* bright reward had been, if such had been thy *deed*,
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.

"I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life *alone*,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone,
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
And thus in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest."

. . . . . .

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared to break,
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful night.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesu's dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me!"
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth divine,
"*They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars shall shine.*"

J. L. H.

—o—

LEAD, SAVIOUR, LEAD.

LEAD, Saviour, Lead, amidst the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the glare of day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will;—remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it
Still will lead me on,
O'er vale and hill, through storm and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

NEWMAN.

DAY BY DAY.

"GIVE us this day our daily bread,"
  The force to toil, the strength to bear.
By Thee the day-long march is led,
  Thy hand the manna will prepare.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
  Thyself to be our portion give;
That food of which the Saviour said,
  "The man that eateth it shall live."

To Thee have passed our yesterdays,
  Our morrows still are out of sight,
And all our service, all Thy praise,
  Lie here between the dawn and night.

Thou in Thy perfect peace wilt fold
  All those who love this narrow bound,
From fears that bar, regrets that hold,
  The pressure of the time around.

Our hearts are weak, the years are long,
  We could not bear the whole of life;
God has not made our harness strong
  For more than one day's watch and strife.

Our daily bread thus give us, Lord,
  And teach us not to gather more;
Poor are we in our narrow hoard,
  Rich only nourished from Thy store.

LUCY F. MASSEY.

THE HOPE BEYOND.

NUMBERS xxi. 4.

How often forgetting the crown,
  And the palm, and the victor's array,
In sackcloth we choose to sit down,
  "Discouraged because of the way!"

Disheartened because of the foe;—
  And weary of bearing the cross;—
Cast down when the brooks cease to flow;
  And the gold is obscured by its dross.

Then the cross is a burden and grief,
  And the yoke is a toil and a care;
Though 'tis only our own unbelief,
  Which makes them so heavy to bear.

How often to Marah we flee,
  And there pitch our tent in the waste,
Forgetting that marvellous "Tree"
  Which maketh it sweet to the taste!

We pine for the blessings foregone,
  While still beside Marah we dwell;
Though to Elim we ought to press on,
  And be counting each palm-tree and well.

Soon the shoes shall be loosed from the feet,
  And the staff shall be dropped from the hand,
And the wilderness manna so sweet,
  Shall be changed for the "corn of the land."

Then grace shall with glory be crowned
  And night shall dissolve into day :—
Oh! the country for which we are bound,
  Is wofth all the griefs of the way.

—o—

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

CAN words alone the *first* display?
  Prove we the *last* by bended knee?
The right to praise, the power to pray,
  Must both be given us, Lord, by Thee.

Thy Spirit must the heart prepare,
  And faith in Thy dear Son be known,
Before the voice of praise or prayer
  Can rise like incense to Thy throne.

Then give the power Thy grace imparts,
  The love of Jesus shown of yore;
That praiseless lives and prayerless hearts,
  May prove our guilt and shame no more.

BARTON.

—o—

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
  And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
  To a holy, calm delight.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
  And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
  Dance upon the parlour wall.

Then the forms of the departed
  Enter at the open door:
The beloved, the true-hearted,
  Come to visit us once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
  Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
  Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
  Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
  Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
  Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
  And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
  Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
  Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
  With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
  Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
  Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
  Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

LONGFELLOW.

—o—

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

ALONE, alone, ah! weary soul,
In all the world alone I stand,
With none to wed their hearts to mine,
Or link in mine a loving hand.

Oh! tell me not that I have those
Who own the ties of blood and name;
Or pitying friends who love me well,
And dear returns of friendship claim.

I have, I have! but none can heal,
And none can see my inward woe;
And the deep thoughts within me veiled,
No other heart but mine shall know.

And yet amid my sins and shames
The shield of God is o'er me thrown;
And 'neath its awful shade I feel
Alone,—yet, oh, not all alone!

Not all alone! and though my life
Be dragged along the stained earth,
O God! I feel Thee near me still,
And thank Thee for my birth.

FARRAR.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

2 Kings iv. 1-6

Pour forth the oil, pour lavishly forth,
  It will not fail, until
There fullest vessels to provide,
  Which it may largely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,
  Though flowing broad and free,
Till then, and nourished from on high,
  It straightway stanched will be.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
  Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
  To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
  Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for thee
  Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
  That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
  Such is the law of love.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THY WAY, NOT MINE

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else surely I might stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine—not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all. BONAR.

PASSING AWAY.

"Passing away is written on the world, and all the world contains."

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array;
Read what those buds disclose—
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day;
It is traced on sunset's dyes—
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
As their young leaves glistening play,
And on brighter things than these—
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow,
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
"Passing away."

It is written on the *heart;*
Alas! that *there* decay
Should claim from love a part—
"Passing away."

Friends! friends! oh, shall we meet
In a land of purer day,
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
And the thoughts that in them lay,
When we mingled sympathies
"Passing away."

Oh, if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day!
How blest from earth's vain show
To pass away!

MRS HEMANS.

—o—

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

(ANTICIPATING RESURRECTION GLORY.)

I SHINE in the light of God;
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now!

No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have reached the joys of heaven;
I am one of the sainted band;
For my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus has set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain;
  Safe in my happy home;
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
  My hour of triumph's come!

Oh! friends of mortal fears,
  The trusted and the true!
Ye are watching still in the vale of tears,
  But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh, no!
  For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
  Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
  And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light,
  To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
  Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
  And the storms of conflict die?

Then why should your tears run down,
  And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
  And another soul in heaven.

THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

THOUGH earth has full many a beautiful spot,
  As a poet or painter may show;
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's glad sight,
  Is the land which no mortal may know.

There the water of life, bursting forth from the throne,
  Flows on, and for ever will flow;
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
  In the land which no mortal may know.

Oh, who but must pine in this dark vale of tears
  From its clouds and its shadows to go!
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
  Of the land which no mortal may know?

BARTON.

"I WOULD, BUT YE WOULD NOT."

ST MATTHEW xxiii. 37; ST LUKE xix. 41.

'TIS evening—over Salem's towers a golden lustre gleams,
And lovingly and lingeringly the sun prolongs his beams;
He looks as on some work undone, for which the time was past;
So tender is his glance and mild, it seems to be his last.
But a brighter Sun is looking on, more earnest is His eye,
For thunder-clouds will veil Him soon, and darken all the sky;
O'er Zion still He bends, as loath His presence to remove,
And on her walls there lingers yet the sunshine of His love.

'TIS *Jesus*—with an anguished heart, a parting glance He throws;
For mercy's day she has sinned away, for a night of dreadful woes;
"Oh, would that thou hadst known," He said, while down rolled many a tear,
"My words of peace, in this thy day! but now thine end is near:
Alas! for thee, Jerusalem, how cold thy heart to Me!
How often in these arms of love, would I have gathered thee!
My sheltering wing had been thy shield, My love thy happy lot;
I would it had been thus with thee! I would, but *Ye* would not."

He wept alone, and men passed on—the men whose sins
He bore;
They saw the man of sorrows weep; they had seen Him
weep before;
They asked not whom those tears were for, they asked
not whence they flowed;
Those tears were for rebellious man; their source, the
heart of God.
They fell upon this desert earth, like drops from heaven
on high,
Struck from an ocean-tide of love, that fills eternity;
With love and tenderness divine, those crystal cells
o'erflow;
'Tis God that weeps, through human eyes, for human
guilt and woe.

That hour has fled; those tears are told; the agony is
past;
The Lord has wept, the Lord has bled, but has not
loved His last.
His eye of love is downward bent, still ranging to and
fro,
Where'er in this wide wilderness there roams the child
of woe;
Nor *His* alone, the Three in One, who looked through
Jesu's eye;
Could still the harps of angel bands, to hear the sup-
pliant's sigh;
And when the rebel chooses wrath, God mourns his
hapless lot,
Deep breathing from His heart of love—"I would, but
ye would not."

GOD'S FREEMAN.

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and, though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven his unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"

COWPER.

—o—

THE FUTURE.

"What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—ST JOHN xiii. 7.

Oh, how the future will reveal
What now our hearts refuse to feel!
That depths of love
Flow from above;
And all is bright,
Which seems like night.

For when Eternity shall be,
And time and earth away shall flee,
We then shall say
What perfect way
Obscured the light
To our dim sight.

Let us then trust in that Friend,
Who alone can see the end;
And we shall raise
Through endless days
Songs of praise
O'er all His ways.

EMMA MOODY.

—o—

THE CORD OF LOVE.

WE cannot see the twinings
Of God's long cord of love,
We cannot see the windings
By matchless wisdom wove.

E'en as a skein, when ravelled,
Still holds the hidden end,
So love's mysterious windings
Around our chastenings blend.

That cord can ne'er be broken,
'Tis held by God alone;
The Lord's seal is the token,
He knows, He keeps His own.

And when the Father chasteneth,
His children's faith to prove,
The cord is held by Jesus—
The unseen end is love.

Love—deep, divine, unsearchable—
Love is the binding cord,
And, hid beneath the chastening,
Twines round the saints of God.

—o—

ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH GOD.

ACQUAINT thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to His embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before :
Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart,
Made pure, shalt relish, with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.

COWPER.

—o—

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And sing, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

From Sacred Songs.

—o—

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

Love thou the truth,
  And speak the truth in love:
The wisdom pure and peaceable
  Descendeth from above.

Hate thou the lie;
  Yet without bitterness
Thy hatred of its evil speak,
  Only to teach and bless.

Let not the stain
  Of angry human breath
The heavenly mirror soil or dim,
  Disturbing peace and faith.

All violence
  Of soul, or pen, or tongue,
Not strength nor greatness is at all,
  But feebleness and wrong.

Overbear none;
  Trust not in sword or rod;
Man's feverish wrath commendeth not
  The tranquil truth of God.

The error hate,
  But love the erring one:
God's love it was that brought thee back
  When thou astray wert gone.

Buy thou the truth,
  And sell it not again:
Count thou no price too great for it;
  Part with it for no gain.

All truth is calm,
  Refuge and rock and tower:
The more of truth, the more of calm;
  Its calmness is its power.

Truth is not strife,
  Nor is to strife allied;
It is the error that is bred
  Of storm, by rage and pride.

Calmness is truth,
  And truth is calmness still :
Truth lifts its forehead to the storm,
  Like some eternal hill.

BONAR.

—o—

THE BRIGHT LIGHT THAT IS IN THE CLOUDS.

DESPAIR not in the vale of woe
Where many joys from suffering flow.

Oft breathes simoom, and close behind
A breath of God doth softly blow.

Clouds threaten—but a ray of light,
And not of lightning, falls below.

How many winters o'er thy head
Have past—yet bald it does not show !

Thy branches are not bare, and yet
What storms have shook them to and fro !

To thee has time brought many joys,
If many it has bid to go;

And seasoned has with bitterness
Thy cup, that flat it should not grow.

Trust in that veilèd hand, which leads
None by the path that he would go,

And always be for change prepared,
For the world's law is ebb and flow.

Stand fast in suffering, until He
Who called it, shall dismiss also ;

And from that Lord all good expect,
Who many mercies strews below ;

Who in life's narrow garden-strip
Has bid delights unnumbered blow.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

—o—

PRAYER OF THE BEREAVED.

SAVIOUR, whose crowned humanity
Still stoops to wipe the tearful eye,
Unto whose ear the voiceless sigh
Pleads not in vain.
Thou who the broken heart hath healed,
Look on the woe to Thee revealed,
The burning fount of tears unsealed
This bitter pain.

If blindly on a mortal head,
With lavish hand I fondly shed
Gifts on Thy shrine more fitly laid,
Saviour, forgive !
With earthly love compelled to part,
Stricken by sorrow's keenest dart,
Have mercy on this wounded heart,
And healing give.

If mortal accents all too dear
With their deep music filled mine ear,
So that Thy voice I failed to hear,
O Christ, forgive !

Turn not this human heart to stone,
But once again with magic tone
Thrill through its chambers dark and lone,
Bidding it live.

If I have made a mortal eye
The star of my idolatry,
In whose dear light I hoped to die,
Or longed to live—
If one loved image ever seen
Thy glory and my soul between,
Forbade my trust on Thee to lean—
Jesus, forgive!

For Thou for man didst bend the knee,
Anguished in dark Gethsemane,
Nor scorned, in Thine extremity,
A servant's aid;
And on our dreariest wastes below
Thy human footprints left, to show
That every storm of mortal woe
Broke o'er Thy head.

Touched with our infirmity,
Rich in all human sympathy,
Brother of our humanity,
O Royal Priest!
This heart I on Thine altar lay,
A bleeding sacrifice to-day,
And from its quivering depths, I pray,
Be Thou my rest.

Sustain the trembling soul that dies,
Raise to Thyself these dreaming eyes,
And to its home within the skies
Call back my love.
Anchor my hope within the vail,
That when this heart and flesh shall fail,
I may with joy Thy summons hail,
To Heaven above.

ISABELLA BIRD.

SACRED SPOTS.

WHICH are the spots on earth most truly dear?
Not where the conquering chief his heroes led,
Not where the victims of oppression bled,
Nor where charmed accents yet salute the ear
From lips of genius, nor where kings appear
Still to imagination, and was spread
Of old their pomp, nor where the lovely head
Of woman bowed in sorrow and in fear,
But where strong hearts repressed themselves and grew
Upward and outward for the good of men,
Forsaking ease and pleasure—courting pain,
Contempt and penury, and where they slew
The devil of self: upon these spots anew
We hate our wretched selves, and not in vain.

WADE ROBINSON.

JERUSALEM ABOVE.

REVELATIONS xxi.

IN Jerusalem above,
In my Father's Home of Love,
In radiance bright,
I shine in light,
And angel voices round me sing,
While heaven's walls with music ring.

I have changed the things of earth,
For scenes of nobler birth;
For empty toys,
Eternal joys,
Which nought hath power to take away,
Where rust and moth cannot decay.

Gates of pearl I now behold,
And shining streets of purest gold;
A sea of glass,
Where crystals flash
Like diamonds in the golden sand,
So glorious is this heavenly land.

Our city ne'er is wrapped in night,
The Lamb is our refulgent light;
His glorious ray
Makes our bright day
One cloudless, radiant, endless, scene,
Where sunshine ever is serene.

No death can ever enter here,
No crushing grief, no bitter tear:
No agonising pain
Can e'er assail again;
Our Father dwells in this blest place,
And we behold Him face to face.

EMMA MOODY.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not! the working of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eye a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-known field,
Where thou wouldst only pain and yield.

The look, the air that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight,
With some infernal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise,
May be the angel's slackened hand
Hath suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but wait and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain ;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
And love, and glory, that may raise
His soul to God in after days.

A. A. PROCTOR.

—o—

A "BRUISED REED SHALL HE NOT BREAK."

I WILL accept thy will to do and be,
Thy hatred and intolerance of sin,
Thy will at least to love, that burns within
And thirsteth after Me:
So will I render fruitful, blessing still,
The germs and small beginnings in thy heart,
Because thy will cleaves to the better part.—
Alas! I cannot will.

Dost not thou will, poor soul?—yet I receive
The inner unseen longings of the soul,
I guide them turning towards ME; I control
And charm hearts till they grieve.
If thou desire, it yet shall come to pass,
Though thou but wish indeed to choose My love ;
For I have power in earth and heaven above.—
I cannot wish, alas!

What! neither choose, nor wish to choose?—and yet
I still must strive to win thee, and constrain ;
For thee I hung upon the cross in pain,
How then can I forget?

If thou as yet dost neither love, nor hate,
Nor choose, nor wish,—resign thyself, be still,
Till I infuse love, hatred, longing, will.—
I do not deprecate!

C. ROSETTI.

A PAUSE IN LIFE.

"And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat."—MARK vi. 31.

OH, for "a desert place," with only the Master's smile!
Oh, for the "coming apart," with only His "rest awhile!"
"Many are coming and going" with busy and restless feet,
And the soul is hungering now, with "no leisure so much as to eat."

Dear is my wealth of love from many and valued friends,
Best of the earthly gifts that a bounteous Father sends;
Pleasant the counsel sweet, and the interchange of thought,
Welcome the twilight hour, with musical brightness fraught.

Dear is the work He gives in many a varied way,
Little enough in itself, yet something for every day,—
Something by pen for the distant, by hand or voice for the near,
Whether to win or teach, whether to aid or cheer.

Not that I lightly prize the treasure of valued friend,
Not that I turn aside from the work that the Master sends;
Yet I have longed for a pause in the rush and whirl of time,
Longed for silence to fall, instead of its merriest chime.

Longed for a hush to group the harmonies of thought
Round each melodies' strain that the harp of life hath caught;
And time for the fitful breeze eolian chords to bring,
Waking the music that slept mute in the tensionless string.

Longed for a calm to let the circles die away
That tremble over the heart, breaking the heavenly ray;
And to leave its wavering mirror true to the star above,
Brightened and stilled to its depths with the quiet of "perfect love."

Longed for a Sabbath of life, a time of renewing of youth
For a full-orbed leisure to shine on the fountains of holy truth;
And to fill my chalice anew with its waters fresh and sweet,
While resting in silent love at the Master's glorious feet.

There are songs which only flow in the loneliest shades of night,
There are flowers which cannot grow in a blaze of tropical light,
There are crystals which cannot form till the vessel be cooled and still,
Crystal, and flower, and song, given as God hath willed.

There is work which cannot be done in the swell of a hurrying tide,
But my hand is not on the helm to turn my bark aside;
Yet I cast a longing eye on the hidden and waveless pool,
Under the shadowing rock, currentless, clear and cool.

Well, I will wait in the crowd till He shall call me apart,
Till the silence fall which shall waken the music of mind and heart,
Patiently wait till He gives the work of my secret choice,
Blending the song of life with the thrill of the Master's voice.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

—o—

THE FATHER KNOWS THEE!

"Der Vater kennt dich! kenn auch ihn."
"He knoweth the way that I take."—JOB xxiii. 10.

THE Father knows thee! Learn of Him,
And strive to see Him clearer;
When clouds are round thee dark and dim,
Draw nearer then, draw nearer.
If thou art His,
How good it is!
Let not the world ashame thee,
He for His child will claim thee.

The Father knows thee! Be thy care
Hid in the heart's recesses;
A Father's eye has seen it there,
Tell Him thy deep distresses.
Pour out thy soul,
Unveil the whole,
Believer of thy weeping,
The Father count is keeping.

The Father knows thee! and thy lot
He hath prepared and blesseth;
And canst thou dream the child forgot,
Who once such love possesseth?
Never afar
His mercies are:
When trials thickly gather,
Help cometh from the Father.

The Father knows thee? All unseen
Wert thou the weary tending?
And have thy thoughts to heaven been
In solitude ascending?
Each silent deed
His eye can read;
No thought, that rose unbidden,
From Him was ever hidden.

The Father knows thee! Let no sin
In guilt again enchain thee,
But may the Presence thou art in
For evermore restrain thee.

No futile lies
No false disguise
Avail where He is dwelling,
'Mid light all clouds dispelling.

From "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

—o—

A LITTLE WORD.

A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

BLESSINGS, O Father! shower—
Father of mercies! round his precious head;
On his lone walks, and on his thoughtful hour,
And the pure visions of his midnight bed,
Blessings be shed!

Father! I pray Thee not
For earthly treasure to that most beloved—
Fame, fortune, power; oh! be his spirit proved
By these, or by their absence, at Thy will:
But let Thy peace be wedded to his lot,
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
With its dove-pinion still!
Let such a sense of Thee,
Thy watching presence, Thy sustaining love,
His bosom-guest inalienably be,
That wheresoe'er he move,
A heavenly light serene
Upon his heart and mien
May sit undimmed! a gladness rest his own,
Unspeakable, and to the world unknown!
Such as from childhood's morning land of dreams,
Remembered faintly, gleams—
Faintly remembered, and too swiftly flown!

So let him walk with Thee,
Made by the Spirit free!
And when Thou call'st him from his mortal place,
To his last hour be still that sweetness given,

That joyful trust! and brightly let him part,
With lamp clear burning, and unlingering heart,
Mature to meet in heaven
His Saviour's face!

MRS HEMANS.

—o—

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet:
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

A. A. PROCTOR.

—o—

SANCTA THERESA.

THIS is no heaven !
And yet they told me that all heaven was here,
This life the foretaste of a life more dear ;
That all beyond this convent-cell
Was but a fairer hell ;
That all was ecstasy and song within,
That all without was tempest, gloom, and sin.
Ah me, it is not so ;
This is no heaven, I know !

This is not rest !
And yet they told me that all rest was here
Within these walls the medicine and the cheer
For broken hearts ; that all without
Was trembling, weariness, and doubt :
This the sure ark which floats above the wave,
Strong in life's flood to shelter and to save ;
This the still mountain-lake,
Which winds can never shake.
Ah me, it is not so ;
This is not rest, I know !

This is not light !
And yet they told me that all light was here,
Light of the holier sphere ;
That, through this lattice seen,
Clearer and more serene,
The clear stars ever shone,
Shining for me alone ;
And the bright moon more bright,
Seen in the lone blue night
By ever-watching eyes,
The sun of convent-skies.
Ah me, it is not so ;
This is not light, I know !

This is not love !
And yet they told me that all love was here,
Sweetening the silent atmosphere ;
All green, without a faded leaf,
All smooth, without a fret, or cross, or grief ;
Fresh as young May,
Yet calm as autumn's softest day ;
No balm like convent-air,
No hues of Paradise so fair !
A jealous, peevish, hating world beyond ;
Within, love's loveliest bond :
Envy and discord in the haunts of men ;
Here, Eden's harmony again.
Ah me, it is not so ;
Here is no love, I know !

This is not home !
And yet for this I left my girlhood's bower,
Shook the fresh dew from April's budding flower,

Cut off my golden hair,
Forsook the dear and fair,
And fled, as from a serpent's eyes,
Home and its holiest charities ;
Instead of all things beautiful,
Took this decaying skull,
Hour after hour to feed my eye,
As if foul gaze like this could purify ;
Broke the sweet ties that God had given,
And sought to win His heaven
By leaving home-work all undone,
The home-race all unrun,
The fair home-garden all untilled,
The home-affections all unfilled ;
As if these common rounds of work and love
Were drags to one whose spirit soared above
Life's tame and easy circle, and who fain
Would earn her crown by self-sought toil and pain ;
Led captive by a mystic power,
Dazzled by visions in the moody hour,
When, sick of earth, and self, and vanity,
I longed to be alone or die ;
Mocked by my own self-brooding heart,
And plied with every wile and art
That could seduce a young and yearning soul
To start for some mysterious goal,
And seek in cell or savage waste
The cure of blighted hope, and love misplaced.

. . . . . .

Yet 'tis not the hard bed, nor lattice small,
Nor the dull damp of this cold convent-wall ;
'Tis not the frost on these thick prison-bars,
Nor the keen shiver of these wintry stars ;

Not this coarse raiment, nor this coarser food,
Nor bloodless lip of withering womanhood.
'Tis not all these that make me sigh and fret,
'Tis something deeper yet,—
The unutterable void within,
The dark fierce warfare with this heart of sin,
The inner bondage, fever, storm, and woe,
The hopeless conflict with my hellish foe,
'Gainst whom this grated lattice is no shield,
To whom this cell is victory's chosen field.

. . . . . .

Here is no balm
For stricken hearts, no calm
For fevered souls, no cure
For minds diseased: the impure
Becomes impurer in this stagnant air;
My cell becomes my tempter and my snare;
And vainer dreams than e'er I dreamt before
Crowd in at its low door.
And have I fled, my God, from Thee,
From Thy glad love and liberty,
And left the road where blessings fall like light,
For self-made bypaths shaded o'er with night?
Oh, lead me back, my God,
To the forsaken road,
Life's common beat, that there,
Even in the midst of toil and care,
I may find Thee,
And in Thy love be free!

BONAR.

TEACH ME TO LIVE.

TEACH me to live! 'tis easier far to die—
  Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
  And waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that harder lesson—*how to live*,
  To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now—fresh vigour give,
  And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live! Thy purpose to fulfil,
  Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine!
Each day renew, re-mould this stubborn will:
  Closer round *Thee* my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more;
  But use the time remaining to me yet,
Not mine own pleasure seeking, as before—
  Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live! No idler let mé be,
  But in Thy service hand and heart employ;
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
  Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live! my daily cross to bear;
  Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load.
Only be with me. Let me feel Thee near;
  Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live !—and find my life in Thee—
  Looking from earth and earthly things away ;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
  Press on ; and gain new strength and power each day.

Teach me to live !—with kindly words for all—
  Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom ;
Waiting, with cheerful patience, till Thy call
  Summons my spirit to her heavenly home.

—o—

LET US GO HOME.

"Neander, the German theologian, died of a kind of cholera. After his seizure he suffered a day or two's pain, which was followed by a quiet interval, when his physicians hoped for his recovery. During this interval he dictated a page in his "Church History," and then said to his sister, "Let us go home." These were his last words.

" LONGER upon this earth I would not stay ;
        My pulse beats low ;
And angel forms, too, beckon me away ;
        E'en let me go !
Shadows pass over me, like a summer's dream,
        And they so vague, yet clear ;
Come, now I stand by Jordan's welcome stream,
        My drooping soul to cheer :
            Let me go home !

" Why pray that I may live ? *I shall not die,*
        But only sleep.
Nay, dearest sister, do those tear-drops dry ;
        Oh, do not weep !

A few short moments, and my race is run ;
Then, like a child at rest,
I'll lay my weary head, when all is done,
Upon my Saviour's breast !
Let me go home !

" If I with joy the birds in yon blue sky
Their strains admire,
How—with what rapture shall I join on high
The heavenly choir !
If on yon orb I gaze with rapture true,
How in that world so bright,
Shall I rejoice, where God, its King, I view—
The Lamb thereof the Light !
Let me go home !

" How calm the dying taper's flickering light !
So gently soft
The ransomed soul prepares to wing its flight,
And soar aloft !
I know within those glorious realms above
A mansion waits me there,
All purchased for me by redeeming love,
And joys without compare.
Let me go home !

" Mine eyes are dull ; yet o'er yon hills afar,
Once dear to me,
The last gleam of Apollo's golden car
Methinks I see.
My sun too now is setting ; but 'twill rise
Again, but far more bright,
Enshrined, for aye, above yon star-lit skies
In never-ending light.
Let me go home !

"Say,—what was that? Methought I heard a voice
So soft and sweet.
Attune your harps! He comes! Rejoice, Rejoice!
His spirit greet!
I see—I hear them come, yon seraphs bright,—
My soul to bear away!
All hail! ye mansions of eternal light,—
Of Everlasting day!
Let me go home!"

Thus spake the great Neander, as a smile
All radiant played,
So heaven-like, o'er his pallid features, while
He Death surveyed.
As locked in fond embrace, the hour drew nigh
When Heaven must claim its own,
He softly whispered, with expiring sigh,
"Jesus! a crown! a throne!
Let us go home!"

What blessed end! what could we more desire
Than such a death?
To have within us such a hallowed fire,
Such parting breath!
When before God we all shall summoned be,
Beyond yon starry dome,
Oh! may we all so hail Eternity:—
"My soul, let me go home!—
Let me go home." G. P. G.

STRENGTH.

STRENGTH is promised, strength is given,
When the heart by God is riven ;
But foredate the day of woe,
And alone thou bearest the blow.

—o—

CHARITY.

TRUE Charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green ;
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruits on earth, its growth above the skies.

COWPER.

—o—

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

THY love, a sea without a shore,
  Spread life and joy abroad ;
Oh ! 'tis a heaven worth dying for
  To see a smiling God.

Sweet was the journey to the sky
  The wondrous prophet trod ;
"Climb up the Mount," says God, "and die ;"
  The prophet climbed and died.

Softly his fainting head he lay
  Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kissed his soul away,*
  And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath
  That God's own spirit gave,
His was the noblest road to death,
  And his the sweetest grave.

THIS WORLD IS BUT THE RUGGED ROAD.

THIS world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
  Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
  From realms of love.

From "Coplas de Manrique," translated by Longfellow.

* The Jewish legend was, that God drew forth Moses's soul by a kiss.

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

NIGHT sinks on the wave,
  Hollow gusts are sighing,
Sea-birds to their cave
  Through the gloom are flying ;
Oh ! should storms come sweeping,
  Thou in heaven unsleeping,
O'er Thy children vigil keeping,
  Hear, hear, and save !

Stars look o'er the sea,
  Few and sad, and shrouded ;
Faith our light must be
  When all else is clouded.
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,
  Wind and billow stilling,
Speak once more ! our prayer fulfilling
  Power dwells with Thee.

MRS HEMANS.

—o—

SUFFERING.

O LIFE, O Death, O World, O Time,
  O Grave where all things flow,
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime
  With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
  Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing ;
  Without it what were we ?

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THE FATHER'S ROD.

EZEKIEL XX. 37.

I SAW the young bride in her beauty and pride,
  Bedecked in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
  And the future looked blooming and gay.

With woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
  On the shrine of idolatrous love;
She anchored her hopes to this perishing earth
  By the chain which her tenderness wove.

But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
  And the chain had been severed in two;
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
  And the bloom for the paleness of woe.

But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
  And wiping the tears from her eyes;
And He strengthened the chain He had severed in twain,
  And fastened it firm to the skies.

There had whispered a voice—
  'Twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee;
  Pass under the rod!"

I saw a young mother in tenderness bend
  O'er the couch of her slumbering boy ;
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
  As the sleeper lay dreaming in joy.

Oh ! sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew,
  When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,
  As he lay in his innocence there.

But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
  Pale as marble, and silent, and cold ;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy—
  And the tale of her sorrow was told.

But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart,
  And taken her treasure away :
To allure *her* to heaven, He has placed *it* on high,
  And the mourner will sweetly obey.

There had whispered a voice—
  'Twas the voice of her God—
" I love thee, I love thee ;
  Pass under the rod ! "

I saw when a father and mother had leaned
  On the arms of a dear cherished son ;
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
  As they saw the proud place he had won.

And the fastcoming evening of life promised fair,
  And the pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the star-light of love glimmered bright at the end,
  And the whispers of fancy were sweet.

But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave,
  Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
  And joy from their bosoms had fled.

But the Healer was there, and His arms were around,
  And He led them with tenderest care ;
And He showed them a star in the bright upper world :
  'Twas *their* star shining brilliantly there.

They had each heard a voice—
  'Twas the voice of their God—
" I love thee, I love thee ;
  Pass under the rod ! "

—o—

GOD OUR STRENGTH.

MAN in his weakness needs a stronger stay
  Than fellow-men, the holiest and the best ;
And yet we turn to them from day to day,
  As if in them our spirits could find rest.

Gently untwine our childish hands, that cling
  To such inadequate supports as these,
And shelter us beneath Thy heavenly wing,
  Till we have learned to walk alone with ease.

Help us, O Lord, with patient love to bear
  Each other's faults—to suffer with true meekness ;
Help us each other's joys and griefs to share,
  But let us turn to Thee alone in weakness.

From " The Changed Cross."

WALKING IN LIGHT.

"Wenn wir uns kindlich freuen."
"He went on his way rejoicing."—ACTS viii. 8.

WHEN we seek with loving heart,
Each to act a childlike part,
Daily duty, daily care,
For our Lord to do or bear ;—

All His pleasure to fulfil,
Do or suffer all His will,—
Serve Him here with earnest love,
Till we dwell with Him above ;—

When the ransomed look before,
View by faith the heavenly shore,
Catch the echoes of the song
They shall join in there, ere long ;—

Then of small account appear
Every mortal toil or tear ;
Homeward hasting day by day,
What are trials by the way ?

He, the great High Priest, draws nigh,
Brings for every want supply ;
Healing oil, and cheering wine,
Living water, bread divine.

Then together all rejoice,
Singing praise with heart and voice ;
Finding, ere our work be done,
Present heaven on earth begun.

Often by our Saviour blest
With a sweet sabbatic rest,
Every burden we can bear
To His heart, and leave it there.

And arising, onward haste,
When that blessed hour is past,
Ready, with uplifted hands,
For the Master's next commands.

Ready, at His midnight call,
Joyfully to part from all—
Then, with Him, the festal door
Enter, to go out no more!

MORAVIAN.

From "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

LET THIS SUFFICE US, LORD!

He hath said—

"My grace is sufficient for thee."—2 Cor. xii. 9

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. xiii. 5.

Let this suffice us, Lord!
Let this suffice us in our darkest hours,
When thoughts of speechless sadness weigh us down,
And in the midst of friends we move alone,
Scared by the future that before us lowers!
Let this suffice!

So much has left us, Lord!
Our youth, youth's hopes have faded all away:
The flowers we prized have withered in our grasp,
The hands we sought withdrawn them from our clasp,
There shines no sunlight in our future day—
So much has left!

So much will leave us, Lord!
Trembling we count our good things still in view;
Some ties are left us still, unspoilt by tears;
They grow but stronger by the wear of years;
How shall we live when *these* are taken too?
So much will leave!

Thou never wilt forsake!
Not for the sin that stains this very prayer,
The doubts that darken while we speak of trust,
The love that turns from Thee to cling to dust;
Man could not bear with Thee, but *Thou* wilt bear,
Wilt not forsake!

Let this suffice us, Lord!
Let this support each onward step we take;
How should we be alone, with Thee so near;
Thou on our side, what is there we should fear?
Since Thou wilt never leave us nor forsake;
Let this suffice!

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave:
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the "Sons of God" upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;

So, without sound of music,
  Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
  The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
  On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyry
  Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
  Still shuns the hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
  That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
  His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
  Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
  They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
  While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
  Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place,
  With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept,
  Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
  Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
  That ever buckled sword;

This, the most gifted poet
  That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
  Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
  As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour ?
  The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
  With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
  Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
  To lay him in the grave !

In that deep grave without a name,
  Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought !—
  Before the judgment-day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
  On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
  With the Incarnate Son of God.

Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land !
  Oh, dark Beth-peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
  And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
  Ways that we cannot tell ;
And hides them deep, like the secret sleep
  Of him He loved so well.

MRS ALEXANDER.

HOLY SLEEP.

JOHN xi. 12.

LORD, if he sleep he shall do well!
  How sweet, in such a world as this,
To lie unconscious of each spell
  That works our daily weariness!

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well!
  We will not grudge his earlier gain;
Could he now speak, would he not tell
  Of joy begun, of ended pain?

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well!
  We would not break his longed-for sleep,
Nor ask him back with us to dwell,
  With us to suffer and to weep.

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well!
  The resurrection morn is nigh;
Awake, ye in the dust who dwell,
  Awake, ascend with song on high.

How sweet to shut out time and sense,
  Visions, and vanities, and dreams;
Earth's glare so withering and intense,
  Toil's hourly burdens, pleasure's gleams.

In death to leave all death behind,
  From sickness and from pain to fly,
And in the dreaded grave to find
  The gate of immortality.

To leave behind the fear, the doubt,
  The care, the fret, the restlessness,
That poisoned life, and to shut out
  Alike the failure and success!

We cannot trust these eyes and ears,
  Sweet though it is to hear and see;
They are the messengers of fears,
  The gates of ill and vanity.

We cannot trust these ears and eyes,
  The daily inlets they of sin;
How sweet to shut out earthly lies,
  And be with heavenly truth shut in!

These gates how gladly should we close
  Against the ills that through them roll,
The crafty and mysterious foes,
  That through the body rob the soul.

The tomb is dark,—we need no eyes;
  It speaks not, and we need no ears;
The veil descends and cannot rise;
  Farewell our struggles and our tears!

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well!
  In sleep like this he taketh rest;
He lieth down corruptible,
  He riseth in Thine image blest.

For he who sleeps in Thee sleeps well,
  All earth shut out, all heaven shut in;
Though damp the couch and dark the cell,
  They dwell in light who sleep within.

BONAR.

A CHRISTIAN'S WIT.

A CHRISTIAN'S wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids but never grieves the sight,
Vigorous in age as in the flush of youth;
'Tis always active on the side of truth;
Temperance and peace insure its healthful state,
And make it brightest at its latest date.
Oh! I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain
Ere life go down, to see such sights again)
A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield.
Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen-eyed;
A man that would have foiled at their own play
A dozen would be's of the modern day;
Who when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce;
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlightened page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear:
Yet above all, his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory, was the gospel theme;
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
His happy eloquence seemed there at home;
Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
But to treat justly what he loved so well.

COWPER.

"*A LITTLE WHILE.*"

HEBREWS X. 37.

"A LITTLE while" of mingled joy and sorrow;
A few more years to wander thus below,
To wait the dawning of that golden morrow,
When morn shall break above our night of woe.

A few more thorns about our pathway growing,
Ere yet our hands may cull the heavenly flowers—
The morn of joy—but first the tearful sowing,
Ere we may rest these weary souls of ours.

A few more hours of weariness and sighing—
Of mourning o'er the power of inner sin;
A little while of daily crucifying,
Unto this world, the evil heart within.

A little longer in this vale of weeping,
Of yearning for the sinless home above;
"A little while" of watching, and of keeping
Our garments, by the power of Him we love.

"A little while" for winning souls to Jesus,
Ere yet we see His beauty face to face;
A little while for healing soul-diseases,
By telling others of a Saviour's grace.

"A little while" to tell the joyful story
Of Him who made our guilt and curse His own;
A little while, ere we behold the glory,
To gain fresh jewels for our heavenly crown.

"A little while"—then we shall dwell for ever
Within our bright, our everlasting home,
Where time, or space, or death no more can sever
Our grief-wrung hearts—and pain can never come.

'Tis but "a little while" the way is dreary,
The night is dark—but we are nearing land;
Oh for the rest of Heaven, for we are weary,
And long to mingle with the deathless band!

C. L. S.

—o—

JEHOVAH—JESUS.

When the heart is crushed with care,
When I bend the knee in prayer,
When past sins before me rise,
And dark the path before me lies,
Then, Jesus, to Thy feet I'll flee,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my title shall be.

When duties I have left undone
Assail my memory, one by one;
And e'en my best deeds stained with sin,
So that I shrink to gaze within,
Jehovah Shalom will send peace,
And make these bitter thoughts to cease.

When all around looks dark and drear,
When secret anguish wrings the tear;
When my spirit sinks in grief,
Too deep for friends to give relief;
Jesus, to Thee and only Thee,
Can I look up for sympathy.

When with Eternity in view
"*Tekel*" stands out in clear dark hue;
When thoughts of terror seize my mind,
No light or solace can I find,
Again to Jesus I will flee,
He will sustain and comfort me.

When I stand on Heaven's shore,
All sin and grief for ever o'er;
When I take my harp of gold,
And watch His wondrous love unfold,
While standing on the crystal sea,
Jesus, my song and joy shall be,
For ever through eternity.

EMMA MOODY.

A BENEDICTION.

GENESIS xlix. 25.

MAY the Lord of glory bless thee,
With His fondest, sweetest love;
May His Spirit's breath caress thee,
With a glimpse of joys above.

May the God of grace protect thee,
Wheresoe'er 'tis thine to go—
Angel-hosts befriend, direct thee,
While a pilgrim here below.

May the Lord who died to save thee,
Turning crimson sins to wool,
Quench the fears that still enslave thee,
Whispering pardon, free, and full.

May the blood of Christ restore thee,
  When thou feel'st the weight of guilt,
May the Spirit then empower thee,
  To believe for thee 'twas spilt.

May'st thou find, when griefs oppress thee,
  Sweet relief from Jesu's smile;
May the Bridegroom haste to bless thee,
  Weary days and nights beguile.

If, without a kinsman near thee,
  Lone, unfriended, thou should'st stand,
May His Spirit sweetly cheer thee,
  Whispering comfort, soft and bland.

Thus to glory's clime He'll lead thee,
  Intertwining joy and woe,—
Cloud by day shall still precede thee,
  Fire by night before thee go.

Bright the 'spousal that awaits thee,
  When the school of time is o'er,—
To His Son Jehovah mates thee,
  Bride of Christ for evermore.

"NOW."

RISE! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are looking
To the face of the stern To-day.

From "The Changed Cross."

—o—

THE EYE THAT NEVER SLEEPS.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angels' songs;
That love is throned on high.

But there's a power that man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is Prayer; which soars on high
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

J. WALLACE.

—o—

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high!

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding-place:"
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep!

MRS MACKAY.

---o---

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother! that happy land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS HEMANS.

—o—

MAGDALENA.

SILENT and lone, beneath the cypress-bough,
She sat and watched the circlets of the night,
As, imaged on the waveless stream below,
They beamed again to heaven serenely bright.

She felt her dream of happiness was gone;
But Hope, still lingering, shed its heavenly ray,
Like the fair stars that in those waters shone—
Still bright, though they were gliding fast away.

Her bosom had been stained in passion's hour,
  But she had wept on it her frailties past,
And, like the sullied lily, by the shower,
  It had been washed and purified at last.

Those long, dark lashes, beaded still with tears—
  The warm rose blanched upon her sunken cheek—
The lip, which pallid as that rose appears,
  Seemed well her silent penitence to speak.

Hers was the heart's still prayer :—her lips were sealed.
  Those meek eyes, glancing to their kindred heaven,
In dewy orisons her soul revealed ;
  She asked not—but she looked to be forgiven.

H. A. D.

—o—

THE HIDING-PLACE.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung ;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue ;
Sang as little children sing ;
Sang as sing the birds in June ;
Fell the words like light leaves down,
On the current of the tune,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !"

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Felt her soul no need to hide,
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside :
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully ;
Every word her heart did know,
Rose the song, as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air ;
Every note with sorrow stirred—
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
Lips grown agèd sing the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly ;
Voice grown weak, and eyes grown dim –
"Let me hide myself in Thee ;"
Trembling though the voice, and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow,
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed ;
Sung as only they can sing,
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
Sung above a coffin-lid ;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid,
Never more, O storm-tossed soul !
Never more from wind or tide,
Never more from billows' roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft grey hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee !"

THEY SHALL BE MINE.

"THEY shall be Mine!" Oh! lay them down to slumber,
Calm in the strong assurance that He gives ;
He calls them by their names, He knows their number,
And they shall live as surely as He lives.

"They shall be Mine!" upraised from earthly pillows,
Gathered from desert sand, from mountains cold—
Called from the graves beneath old ocean's billows,
Called from each distant land, each scattered fold.

Well might the soul, that wondrous spark of being,
Lit by His breath who claims it for His own,
Shine in the circle which His love foreseeing,
Destined to glitter brightest by His throne.

But shall the dust from earthly dust first taken,
  And now long mingled with its native earth,
To life, to beauty, once again awaken,
  Thrill with the rapture of a second birth?

"They shall be Mine!" they, as on earth we knew them—
  The lips we kissed, the hand we loved to press;
Only a fuller life be circling through them,
  Unfading youth, unchanging holiness.

"They shall be Mine!" children of sin and sorrow,
  Giv'st Thou, O Lord! heaven's almost verge to them?
No; from each rifled grave Thy crown shall borrow
  An added light—a prize and costly gem.

"They shall be Mine!" thought fails, and feeling falters,
  Striving to sound and fathom Love divine;
All that we know—no time Thy promise alters;
  All that we trust—our loved ones shall be Thine.

From "Changed Cross."

—o—

SCHOOL LIFE.

I SAT in the school of sorrow,
  The Master was teaching there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
  And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward,
  And seeing His face divine,
So full of the tenderest pity,
  For weary hearts like mine,

I only thought of the burden,
  The Cross that before me lay ;
So hard and heavy to carry,
  That it darkened the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
  And say, "Thy will be done !"
And the Master came not near me,
  As the weary hours went on.

At last, in my heavy sorrow,
  I looked from the Cross above ;
And I saw the Master watching
  With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the Cross before me,
  And I thought I heard Him say,—
"My child—thou must bear thy burden,
  And learn thy task to-day.

"I may not tell the reason,
  'Tis enough for thee to know,
That I, the Master, am teaching,
  And give this cup of woe."

So I stooped to that weary sorrow ;
  One look at that face divine
Had given me power to trust Him,
  And say, "Thy will, not mine."

And thus I learnt my lesson,
  Taught by the Master alone ;
He only knows the tears I shed,
  For He has wept His own.

But from them came a brightness,
  Straight from the *Home* above,
Where the school life will be ended,
  And the Cross will show the love.

ELIZABETH A. GODWIN.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;—
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven),
Joys are sent thee here below,
Take them readily when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade while others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow—
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion's hour despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
  Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
  Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. PROCTOR.

—o—

MARY

AT THE TOMB OF JESUS.

HE who moved invisible to man,
To guardian woman did Himself reveal,—
As Mary, weeping, by the tomb remained,
And bowed within its rocky depth to gaze,
Two angel-watchers, robed in dazzling white,
Were seated, where the vanished body lay!
"Why weepest thou?" with gentlest tone they cried;
"Because I know not where my stolen Lord
Be taken;"—back she turned her eye of tears,
And there stood Jesus! but to her unknown.
"Why weepest thou?" again was mildly heard:
Then Mary, with mistaking love, replied,
"If thou hast borne Him from this garden-tomb,
Oh! tell me where;—these hands will take him thence."
But Jesus, vocal with His wonted voice,
Responded, "Mary!" and the mourner fell
Down at His feet! Rabboni she adored!
Let one at midnight, when the cradling sea
Hath rocked his slumber, and a dream of home
In murmuring faintness to the soul renews
Parental language, till his ocean-sleep

Is narrowed by that too delicious sound!—
The feeling picture,—such may faintly tell,
When Mary worshipped, how her spirit thrilled!

R. MONTGOMERY.

—o—

NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE BE DONE.

O LORD my God, do Thou Thy holy will—
I will lie still—
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm,
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.
Wild Fancy, peace! thou must not me beguile
With thy false smile:
I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways;
Be silent, Praise,
Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all
That hear thy call.

Come, Self-devotion, high and pure,
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye serene
Their blessing, who by faith can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only, and the joys above.

They say, who know the life divine,
And upward gaze with eagle eyrie,

That by each golden crown on high,
Rich with celestial jewelry,
Which for our Lord's redeemed is set,
There hangs a radiant coronet,
All gemmed with pure and living light,
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
Prepared for virgin souls, and them
Who seek the martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire,
Must win their way through blood and fire.
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart,
Oft in Life's stillest shade reclining,
In Desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth—so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,
From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget,
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where'er He go,
By purest pleasures unbeguiled
To idolize or wife or child;
Such wedded souls our God shall own
For faultless virgins round His throne.

Thus everywhere we find our suffering God,
And where He trod
May set our steps: the cross on Calvary
Uplifted high
Beams on the martyr host, a beacon light
In open fight.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of His midnight agony,
When none was nigh
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.
Mortal! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, who did once from Heaven to Hell descend
Thee to befriend:
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

"O Father! not my will, but Thine be done"—
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys:
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest!

KEBLE.

USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
  Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
  Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
  For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
  And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
  Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
  To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
  The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
  Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
  All dyed with rainbow light;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
  Upspringing day and night;

Springing in valleys green and low,
  And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
  Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not—
  Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
  So beautiful the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope
  Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
  Will much more care for Him!

MARY HOWITT.

—o—

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon;
  And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
  Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
  But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
  To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
  The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above,
  A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
  When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
  The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
  And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailèd hand,
  And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
  But the cold light of stars;

I give the first watch of the night
  To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
  He rises in my breast
Serene, and resolute, and still,
  And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
  That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
  Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
  And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
  To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
    I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
    I shall be soon.
  Love, rest, and home!
    Sweet hope!
  Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
    I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,

I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strewing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,

I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

BONAR.

—o—

PRAYER.

WHEN prayer delights thee least, then learn to say
Soul now is greatest need that thou shouldst pray.

Crookëd and warped I am, and I would fain
Straighten myself by thy right line again.

O come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits,
Pierce, genial showers, down to my parchëd roots.

My well is bitter; cast therein the tree,
That sweet henceforth its brackish waves may be.

Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's own light.

White heat the iron in the furnace won,
Withdrawn from thence, 'tis cold and hard anon.

Flowers from their stalks divided, presently
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

The greenest leaf, divided from its stem,
To speedy withering doth itself condemn.

The largest river from its fountain head
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

All things that live from God their sustenance wait,
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,
When angel-hands from heaven are scattering gold.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

—o—

"*TRUE-HEARTED, WHOLE-HEARTED.*"

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted! faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee!

True-hearted, whole-hearted! fullest allegiance,
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King.
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

True-hearted! Saviour, Thou knowest our story,
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous! yet for Thy glory,
Hear them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

Whole-hearted! Saviour belovèd and glorious,
Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious
Freely surrendered and wholly Thine own.

Half-hearted, *false*-hearted! Heed we the warning:
Only the whole can be perfectly true;
Bring the whole offering, all timid thought scorning
True-hearted only if whole-hearted too.

Half-hearted! Saviour, shall aught be withholden,
Giving Thee part who has given us all?
Blessings outpouring, and promises golden
Pledging, with never reserve or recall!

Half-hearted! Master, shall any who know Thee,
Grudge Thee their lives, who hast laid down Thine own?
Nay! we would offer the hearts that we owe Thee,
Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.

Listen, oh listen, the call is resounding,
Will ye not echo the silver refrain,
Mighty and sweet, and in gladness abounding?
"True-hearted, whole-hearted!" ringing again.

Jesus is with us, His rest is before us,
Brightly His standard is waving above!
Oh! let us all in gathering chorus,
Peal out the watchword of courage and love!

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free!
True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"*AS THY DAYS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE.*"

WHEN press the many cares of life,
  Think of that morn to come, so bright;
Through all the burden and the strife,
  Remember,—that beyond there's light.

It may be that grief's day is long,
  And round thee little sympathy;
But even so, His love is strong,
  "And as thy day, thy strength shall be."

No needless sorrow e'er was sent
  To bruise thy wearied, saddened heart;
With each deep wound, *His* love is blent,
  Though *now* thou feelest but the smart.

Go not half way to meet fresh grief,
  To-day's own burden is enough;
In time He'll send thee sweet relief,
  Though now perchance the road be rough.

And when life's weary day is o'er,
  When the cloud unveiled shall be;
When heavy trials press no more,
  And the shadows all shall flee.

Then shalt thou own thy Father's care,
  Though hard at times His hand to trace,
So forward go,—nor let despair
  Find in thy anxious heart a place.

EMMA MOODY.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BENEATH the chancel's hallowed stone,
  Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few, save rustic mourners known,
  My brother, is thy lonely bed.
Few words, upon the rough stone graven,
  Thy name—thy birth—thy youth declare—
Thy innocence—thy hopes of heaven,
  In simplest phrase recorded there.
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my brother's grave!

The place is silent.—Rarely sound
Is heard those ancient walls around,
Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet
Discoursing in the public street;
Nor hum of business dull and loud,
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell,
From neighbouring fort or citadel;
No sound of human toil or strife
In death's lone dwelling speaks of life,
Or breaks the silence still and deep
  Where thou, beneath thy burial-stone,
Art laid in that unstartled sleep
  The living eye hath never known.
The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As slowly pacing through the aisle,
  He sweeps the unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not defile
  Those windows on the Sabbath-day;

And, passing through the central wave,
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.

But when the sweet-toned Sabbath chime,
  Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
  Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees;
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,
  And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
  Of earthly ills, in thoughts of heaven;
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above thy burial-stone?
What form in white and meek array
Beside the altar kneels to pray?
What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup?
Full well I know that reverend form,
  And if a voice could reach the dead,
Those tones would reach thee, though the worm,
  My brother, makes thy heart his bed.
That sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.
It is not long since thou were wont
  Within these sacred walls to kneel;
This altar, that baptismal font,
  These stones which now thy dust conceal,
The sweet tones of the Sabbath bell,
  Were holiest objects to thy soul;
On these thy spirit loved to dwell,
  Untainted by the world's control.
My brother, those were happy days,
  When thou and I were children yet!

How fondly memory still surveys
  Those scenes the heart can ne'er forget!
My soul was then, as thine is now,
  Unstained by sin, unstung by pain;
Peace smiled on each unclouded brow—
  Mine ne'er will be so calm again.
How blithely then we hailed the ray
Which ushered in the Sabbath-day!
How lightly then our footsteps trod
Yon pathway to the house of God!
For souls, in which no dark offence
Hath sullied childhood's innocence,
Best meet the pure and hallowed shrine
Which guiltier bosoms own divine.

I feel not now, as then I felt;—
  The sunshine of my heart is o'er;
The spirit now is changed which dwelt
  Within me, in the days of yore.
But thou wert snatched, my brother, hence
In all thy guileless innocence;
One Sabbath saw thee bend the knee,
In reverential piety,—
(For childless faults forgiveness crave)
The next beamed brightly on thy grave.
The crowd, of which thou late wert one,
Now throng across thy burial-stone;
Rude footsteps trample on the spot,
Where thou liest mouldering—not forgot;
And some few gentler bosoms weep,
In silence, o'er thy last long sleep.
I stood not by thy feverish bed,
  I looked not on thy glazing eye,

Nor gently lulled thy aching head,
  Nor viewed thy dying agony ;
I felt not what my parents felt,—
  The doubt—the terror—the distress ;—
Nor vainly for my brother knelt ;—
  My soul was spared that wretchedness :
One sentence told me in a breath,
My brother's illness and his death !
And days of mourning glided by,
And brought me back my gaiety ;
For soon in childhood's wayward heart
Doth crushed affection ceased to smart ;
Again I joined the sportive crowd
Of boyish playmates, wild and loud ;
I learnt to view with careless eye
My sable garb of misery ;
No more I wept my brother's lot,—
His image was almost forgot ;
And every deeper shade of pain
Had vanished from my soul again.

The well-known morn, I used to greet
  With boyhood's joy, at length was beaming,
And thoughts of home and raptures sweet
  In every eye but mine were gleaming ;
But I, amidst that youthful band
  Of bounding hearts and beaming eyes,
Nor smiled, nor spoke at joy's command,
  Nor felt those wonted ecstasies !
I loved my home, but trembled now
To view my father's altered brow ;
I feared to meet my mother's eye,
And hear her voice of agony ;

I feared to view my native spot,
Where he who loved it—now *was not*,
The pleasures of my home were fled ;—
My brother slumbered with the dead.
I drew near to my father's gate ;—
  No smiling faces met me now,
I entered,—all was desolate,—
  Grief sat upon my mother's brow ;—
I heard her, as she kissed me, sigh ;
A tear stood in my father's eye ;
My little brothers round me pressed,
In gay unthinking childhood blest.
Long, long, that hour has passed, but when
Shall I forget its gloomy scene !

The Sabbath came.—With mournful face
I sought my brother's burial-place—
That shrine, which when I last had viewed—
In vigour by my side he stood.
I gazed around with fearful eye :—
All things reposed in sanctity.
I reached the chancel,—nought was changed :—
The altar decently arranged,—
The pure white cloth above the shrine,—
The consecrated bread and wine,—
All was the same.—I found no trace
Of sorrow in that holy place.
One hurried glance I downward gave—
My foot was on my brother's grave !

And years have passed—and thou art now
  Forgotten in thy silent tomb ;—
And cheerful is my mother's brow,—
  My father's eye has lost its gloom,—

And years have passed—and death has laid
  Another victim by thy side,
With thee he roams, an infant shade,
  But not more pure than thee he died.
Blest are ye both! your ashes rest
Beside the spot ye loved the best;
And that dear home, which saw your birth,
O'erlooks you in your bed of earth.
But who can tell what blissful shore
Your angel spirits wander o'er!
And who can tell what raptures high
Now bless your immortality!
My boyish days are nearly gone,—
  My breast is not unsullied now;
And worldly cares and woes will soon
  Cut their deep furrows on my brow,—
And life will take a darker hue
From ills my brother never knew;
And I have made me bosom friends;
  And loved and linked my heart with others;
But who with mine his spirit blends,
  As mine was blended with my brother's?
When years of rapture glided by
  The spring of life's unclouded weather,
Our souls were knit, and thou and I,
My brother, grew in love together:
The charm is broke that bound us there;—
  When shall I find its like again!

REV. J. MOULTRIE.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

THY neighbour? It is he whom thou
  Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart and burning brow
  Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
  Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door;—
  Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
  Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares and pain,
  Go thou and shelter him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
  Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left;—
  Go thou and succour them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
  Fettered in thought and limb;
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave;—
  Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
  Less favoured than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
  Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh pass not, pass not heedless by;
  Perhaps thou can'st redeem
The breaking heart from misery;—
  Go share thy lot with him.

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness, and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field;
There they are privileged: and he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
The sum is this. If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his right and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs,
Else they are all—the meanest things that are
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in His sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonoured and defiled and most

By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.
Distinguished much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of grace divine,
From creatures, that exist but for our sake,
Which having served us, perish, we are held
Accountable, and God, some future day
Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse
Of what He deems no mean or trivial trust.

COWPER.

PEACE OF MIND.

I HAVE mused upon the sky and sea, and on the stormy flood;
I have wandered through the fairest glens, and by the moaning wood;
I have gazed upon the brightest forms that e'er creation knew;
I have basked in friendship's sacred ties and found them warm and true;
I have sought in solitude to win the peace my heart would love;
I have sought it in the giddy crowd—but no! it is above;

Above the world and all its cares, above the joys of life,
Above the giddy heedless crowd, above all sinful strife;
Above the search of human ken, above the sinner's road,
Above all happiness on earth—'tis in the love of God!
A love which fire can never touch, nor many waters drown;
A love which shall procure for me a bright immortal crown!

BELL.

—o—

COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.

COMMIT thy way to God,
  The weight which makes thee faint,
Worlds are to Him no load,
  To Him breathe thy complaint.
He who for winds and clouds
  Maketh a pathway free,
Through wastes or hostile crowds,
  Will make a way for thee.

Thou must in Him be blest,
  Ere bliss can be secure,
On His work must thou rest
  If thy work shall endure.
To anxious, prying thought,
  And weary fretting care,
The Highest yieldeth nought,
  He giveth all to prayer.

Father! Thy faithful love,
  Thy mercy, wise and mild,
Sees what will blessing prove,
  Or what will hurt Thy child.
And what Thy wise foreseeing
  Doth for Thy children choose,
Thou bringest into being,
  Nor sufferest them to lose.

All means always possessing,
  Invincible in might,
Thy doings are all blessing,
  Thy goings are all light.
Nothing Thy work suspending,
  No foe can make Thee pause,
When Thou, Thine own defending,
  Dost undertake their cause.

Hope then, though woes be doubled,
  Hope, and be undismayed;
Let not thy heart be troubled,
  Nor let it be afraid.
This prison where thou art,
  Thy God will break it soon,
And flood with light thy heart,
  In His own blessed noon.

Up, up! the day is breaking,
  Say to thy cares good night!
Thy troubles from thee shaking,
  Like dreams in day's fresh light,
Thou wearest not the crown,
  Nor the best course canst tell;
God sitteth on the throne,
  And guideth all things well.

Trust Him to govern, then,
  No Kings can rule like Him;
How wilt thou wonder when,
  Thine eyes no more are dim;
To see these paths which vex thee,
  How wise they were and meek,
The works which now perplex thee,
  How beautiful complete.

Faithful the love thou sharest,
  All, all is well with thee!
The crown from hence thou bearest,
  With shouts of victory.
In thy right hand to-morrow,
  Thy God shall place the palm,
To Him who chased thy sorrow,
  How glad will be thy psalm.

From the German of PAUL GERHARDT.

—o—

LEAD ON.

THOU who hast led me hitherto,
  Still lead me on.—
E'en step by step, life's changeful journey through,
  My guide alone.

My path has devious been and wild;
  Thou knowest it well;
In youth, in after years, e'en from a child,
  How oft I fell.

I would not take my Father's hand,
Nor heed His call;
Leant on my own poor staff—a fragile wand:
He saw me fall.

As oft I fell, so oft He raised
Me from the ground;
Awhile His grace I sang, and Him I praised
To all around.—

Leant on His hand—His eye my guide;
Said, "Lead me on,"
Nor ever let me quit Thy sheltering side,
Thou gracious One!

Yet, oh! how false this changeful heart!
Again—again—
From Him, my Guide, my loving Guide, I start,
Foolish and vain.

Yet, oh! forgive me still, nor leave
Thy child alone!
Let not the world for aye deceive,
But lead me on!

From "The Jewel and Star."

THE BORDER LAND.

These lines were sent by a lady to a friend who wrote frequently to know where she had been for several months, that she had not written to her. She had been to the gates of the grave in a long and severe illness.

I HAVE been to a land, a Border Land,
  Where there was but a strange, dim light;
Where shadows and dreams, in a spectral band,
  Seemed real to the aching sight.
I scarce bethought me how there I came,
  Or if thence I should pass again;
Its morning and night were marked by the flight,
  Or coming, of woe and pain.

But I saw from this land, this Border Land,
  With its mountain ridges hoar,
That they looked across to a wondrous strand,
  A bright and unearthly shore.
Then I turned me to Him, "*the Crucified,*"
  In most humble faith and prayer,
Who had ransomed with blood my sinful soul,
  For I thought He would call me there.

Yet nay: for awhile in the Border Land
  He bade me in patience stay,
And gather rich fruits with a trembling hand;
  Whilst He chased its glooms away:
He had led me amid those shadows dim,
  And shown that bright world so near,
To teach me that earnest trust in Him
  Is "the one thing needful" here.

And so from the land, the Border Land,
  I have turned me to earth once more.
But earth and its works were such trifles, scanned
  By the light of that radiant shore.
And oh ! should they ever possess me again
  Too deeply, in heart and hand,
I must think how empty they seemed and vain,
  From the heights of the Border Land.

The Border Land had depths and vales,
  Where sorrow for sin was known;
Where small seemed great, as weighed in scales,
  Held by God's hand alone.
'Twas a land where earthly pride was naught
  Where the poor were brought to mind,
With their scanty bed, their fireless cot,
  And their bread, so hard to find.

But little I heard in the Border Land,
  Of all that passed below;
The once loud voices of human life
  To the deafened ear were low.
I was deaf to the clang of its trumpet call,
  And alike to its gibe or its sneer;
Its riches were dust, and the loss of all
  Would then scarce have cost a tear.

I met with a Friend in this Border Land,
  Whose teachings can come with power
To the blinded eye and the deafened ear.
  In affliction's loneliest hour

"Times of refreshing" to the soul,
  In languor oft He brings,
Prepares it then to meditate
  On high and glorious things.

O! Holy Ghost! too often grieved
  In health and earthly haste,
I bless those slow and silent hours
  Which seemed to run to waste.
I would not *but* have passed those "depths,"
  And such communion known,
As can be held in the Border Land,
  With Thee, and Thee alone.

I have been to a land, a Border Land!
  May oblivion never roll
O'er the mighty lessons which there and then
  Have been graven on my soul!
I have trodden a path I did not know,
  Safe in my Saviour's hand;
I can trust Him for all the future, now
  I have been to the Border Land.

L. N. R.

—o—

OUR ONE LIFE.

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief;
  And sin is here,
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
  A dropping tear,
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we—
One, only one:
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled with blessed toil—
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air—
No vacant dream—
No fable of the things that never were,
But only seem;
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night—
No idle tale;—
No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
On summer gale:
They are the true realities of earth,—
Friends and companions even from our birth.

O life below—how brief, and poor, and sad!
One heavy sigh,
O life above—how long, how fair, and glad!
An endless joy.
Oh! to be done with daily dying here!
Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere!

O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth,
How dull you're here!
O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth
Made new and fair!
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green;
Come brighter Salem, gladden all the scene.

BONAR.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently! it is better far
  To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
  The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
  The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow:
  Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child;
  Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
  It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
  Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
  'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one;
  Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run;
  Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
  Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
  Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring—know
  How frail are all! how vain!
Perchance unkindness made them so;
  Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently! He who gave His life
  To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce with strife,
  Said to them, "Peace—be still."

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
  Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
  Eternity shall tell.

G. W. LANGFORD.

—o—

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION.

"Thanks be to God for the mountains."
HOWITT'S *Book of the Seasons.*

FOR the strength of the hills we bless Thee;
  Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
  By the touch of the mountain-sod.
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
  Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
  Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
  Whose light must never die ;
We are guardians of an altar
  Midst the silence of the sky:
The rocks yield founts of courage
  Struck forth as by the rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
  Our God, our fathers' God.

For the dark resounding caverns,
  Where Thy still small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forests,
  That by the breath are stirred ;
For the storms on whose free pinions
  Thy spirit walks abroad ;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
  Our God, our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth
  On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master
  Seeks there his wild delights ;
But we, for Thy communion,
  Have sought the mountain-sod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
  Our God, our fathers' God.

The banner of the chieftain,
  Far, far below us waves ;
The war-horse of the spearman
  Cannot reach our lofty caves :

The dark clouds wrap the threshold
  Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
  Our God, our fathers' God.

For the shadow of Thy presence,
  Bound our lamp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
  Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows and for the torrents,
  For the free hearts burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
  Our God, our fathers' God!

MRS HEMANS.

—o—

THE TALENTS.

THOU that in Life's crowded city art arrived, thou knowest not how,
By what path, or on what errand, list and learn thy errand now.

From the palace to the city, on the business of thy king,
Thou wert sent at early morning, to return at evening.

Dreamer, waken—loiterer, hasten—what thy task is, understand—
Thou art here to purchase substance, and the price is in thy hand.

Has the tumult of the market all thy sense and reason
drowned?
Do its glittering wares attract thee? or its shouts and
cares confound?

Oh! beware lest thy Lord's business be neglected,
whilst thy gaze
Is on every show and pageant which the giddy square
displays.

Barter not His gold for pebbles—do not trade in
vanities—
There are pearls of price, and jewels for the purchase
of the wise.

And know this—at thy returning, thou wilt surely
find the King,
With an open book before Him, waiting to make
reckoning.

Then large honours will the faithful, earnest service of
one day,
Reap of Him, but one day's folly, largest penalties will
pay.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THE HARVEST HOME.

St John iv. 36.

From the far-off fields of earthly toil,
  A goodly host they come,
And sounds of music are on the air—
  'Tis the song of the Harvest-Home.
The weariness and the weeping,
  The darkness has all passed by,
And a glorious Sun has risen—
  The Sun of Eternity.

We have seen those pass in days of yore
  When the dust was on their brow,
And the scalding tear upon their cheek—
  Let us look at the labourers now!
We think of the life-long sorrow,
  And the wilderness days of care;
We try to trace the tear-drops,
  But no scars of grief are there.

There's a mystery of soul-chastened joy
  Lit up with sun-light hues;
Like morning flowers, *most* beautiful
  When wet with midnight dews.
There are depths of earnest meaning
  In each true and trustful gaze,
Telling of wondrous lessons
  Learnt in their pilgrim days.

And a conscious confidence of bliss,
  That shall never again remove,—
All the faith and hope of journeying years
  Gathered up in that look of love.

The long-waiting days are over,
  They have received their wages now,
For they have gazed upon their Master,
  And His name is on their brow.

They have seen the safely-garnered sheaves,
  And the song has been passing sweet,
Which welcomed the last in-coming one,
  Laid down at the Saviour's feet.
Oh! well does His heart remember,
  As those notes of praise sweep by,
The yearning, plaintive music
  Of earth's sadder minstrelsy.

And well does He know each chequered tale,
  As He looks on that joyous band,—
All the lights and shadows that crossed their path
  In the distant pilgrim-band.
The heart's unspoken anguish,
  The bitter sighs and tears,
The long, long hours of watching,
  The changeful hopes and fears!

One had climbed the rugged mountain-side,—
  'Twas a bleak and wintry day—
The tempest had scattered his precious seed,
  And he wept as he turned away.
But a stranger-hand had watered
  That seed on a distant shore,
And the labourers now are meeting
  Who had never met before.

And one—he had toiled amid burning sands,
  When the scorching sun was high ;
He had grasped the plough with a fevered hand,
  And then laid him down to die :
But another, and yet another,
  That deserted field had filled,
Nor vainly the seed they scattered
  Where a brother's care had tilled.

Some with eager step went boldly forth,
  Broad-casting o'er the land ;
Some watered the scarcely budding blade,
  With a tender, gentle hand.
There's one,—her young life was blighted
  By the withering touch of woe :
Her days were sad and weary,
  And she never went forth to sow ;—

But there rose from her lonely couch of pain
  The fervent pleading prayer ;
She looks on many a radiant brow,
  And reads the answer there !
Yes ! sowers and reapers are meeting ;
  A rejoicing host they come !
Will YOU join that echoing chorus ?
  'Tis the song of the Harvest-Home.

COME UNTO ME.

ST MATTHEW xi. 28.

CHILD of sorrrow, doubt, and care,
Whose weary load is hard to bear,
"Come unto Me,"
Tell Me thy every want and care,
Come and pour out thy soul in prayer,
Thy trials I will gladly share,
"Come unto Me."

Lone one! all stricken with the blow,
Arrest those ceaseless tears that flow,
And "Come unto Me,"
Hast thou lost friends or parents dear,
Weep not,—for I am ever near,
Take comfort then,—and do not fear,
But, "Come unto Me."

Weary one, burdened with thy sin,
A rankling dart thy breast within;
"Come unto me;"
Wash in My blood thy crimson stain,
No trace of guilt will then remain,
Say,—was My death for thee in vain,
"Come unto Me."

Lonely watcher in the night,
Counting the hours till morning light,
"Come unto Me;"
I marked the tear bedew thine eye,
I heard the deep and heavy sigh,
My sympathy is ever nigh,
"Come unto Me."

Fading one, whose hectic cheek
Consumption's cruel disease doth speak,
"Come unto Me;"
Dread not the entrance to the tomb,
My love shall light thee through the gloom,
In fields of light again to bloom,
"Come unto Me."

Mourner, with thy heart so rent,
Lift up thine head in anguish bent,
And, "Come unto Me;"
My hand it was that stirred thy nest,
'Twas I who took thy loved and best,
And bore him safely to My rest,
He came to Me,
And thou, thou too, "Come unto Me."

Warrior in the battle rife,
Wearied and worn with mortal strife,
"Come unto Me;"
Tremble not at the sharp contest,
Come, and lean on thy Captain's breast,
Come and *there* shalt thou find rest,
"Come unto Me."

Sailor on the ocean wide,
Away from home and kindred's side,
"Come unto Me;"
Dread not the raging sea so deep,
Thy Saviour o'er thee guard doth keep,
And blest are they who in Jesus sleep,
"Come unto Me."

Yea, come and taste My love sublime,
Welcome to Me from every clime,
"Come unto Me;"
Come,—while my call ye can obey,
Come,—to the realms of endless day,
Enter by Me,—"I am the way,"
"Come unto Me."

Come,—and be clothed in robes of white,
Come,—and bask in thy Saviour's light,
"Come unto Me;"
Come,—and be of the seraph throng,
Come,—and join in the angels' song,
"Worthy the Lamb" cries every tongue,
"Come unto Me."

EMMA MOODY.

—o—

FROM CLOUD TO LIGHT.

THE way is dark, my Father! Cloud upon cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me; yet see, stand
I like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And thro' the gloom lead safely home.

The day declines, my Father, and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears of a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, take my hand,
And from the night lead up to light.

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my feet all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then safe and blest, oh, lead to rest.

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about;
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father, take my hand,
And through the throng lead safe along.

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
And reaching down lead to the crown,
Lead to the crown.

"*Sacred Songs.*"

—o—

UPWARD.

UPWARD, where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent, in their turning
Round the never-changing pole;
Upward, where the sky is brightest,
Upward, where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.

Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there!

Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His name the city rings.

Blessing, honour, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

BONAR.

"*NOT KNOWING.*"

I KNOW not what will befall me! God hangs a mist
o'er my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward path He makes new
scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me, comes as a sweet and glad
surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread the days of the
year,
And the past is still in God's keeping, the future His
mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance, may brighten as I
draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has less bitterness than
I think,
The Lord may sweeten the water, before I stoop to
drink,
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside its
brink.

It may be there is waiting, for the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so strangely
sweet,
That my lips can only tremble with the thanks I
cannot speak.

Oh! blissful, happy ignorance! 'tis better not to know.
It keeps me so still in the tender arms, that will not let
me go.
And hushes my soul to rest, on the bosom which loves
me so.

So I go on not knowing! I would not if I might,
I would rather walk in the dark with God, than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith, than go alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials, which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow, but what the dear Lord chose,
So I send the coming tears back, with the whispered word "*He knows.*"

—o—

PRAY FOR WHOM THOU LOVEST.

YES, pray for whom thou lovest; thou mayst vainly, idly seek
The fervid words of tenderness by feeble words to speak.
Go, kneel before thy Father's throne, and meekly, humbly, there
Ask blessing for the loved one, in the silent hour of prayer.

Yes, pray for whom thou lovest; if uncounted wealth were thine—
The treasures of the boundless deep, the riches of the mine—
Thou couldst not to thy cherished friends a gift so dear impart
As the earnest benediction of a deeply loving heart.

Seek not the worldling's friendship, it shall droop and wane ere long,
In the cold and heartless glitter of the pleasure-loving throng;
But seek the friend who, when the prayer for him shall murmured be,
Breathes forth in faithful sympathy, a fervent prayer for thee.

And should thy flowery path of life become a path of pain,
The friendship formed in bonds like these thy spirit shall sustain;
Years may not chill, nor change invade, nor poverty impair,
The love that grew and flourished at the time of prayer.

From "The Changed Cross."

—o—

THE MASTER'S VOICE.

MASTER—say on! Thy words are sweet
I hush my heart to hear.
I wait in silence for Thy voice
That is so true and clear.
It quiets all unrestful thought—
It stills the throbbing brain,
It soothes like hymn from mother-lips
The weary ache of pain.

Is it indeed the Master's voice?
It speaks in altered tone;—

It bids me follow through the dark,
  And bear my cross alone.
It bids me leave the pastures green
  Where quiet waters flow—
And climb the rugged mountain height
  That lieth cold in snow.

Oh no! not *there.* My steps are weak—
  There are dear faces here—
There are dear hands I clasp in mine—
  Dear voices in mine ear.
I cannot leave the sunny way
  And take that heavy cross:
I cannot bear to wake and sleep
  With bitter sense of loss.

Once more He speaks. No stern rebuke,
  No anger in the word—
"Is it so hard to turn from all,
  And walk with Me, thy Lord?
I do not say the way is fair
  For tear-dimmed eyes to see,—
I only say through all its pain
  Thine heart shall lean on Me.

"Come! thou hast never heard my voice
  As thou shalt hear it now:
I have no words for brighter days
  Like those the dark ones know,
I cannot speak them here; yet come—
  The desert path lies bare,
But better far the wilderness
  If I am with thee there."

H. B.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

HEBREWS iv. 9.

My rest is in heaven; my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed my sad spirit! the worst that can come,
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes on a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not lie down on roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesus's breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, becomes a bright gem.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long;
And I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

REV. H. LYTE.

HEAVEN.

THOUGH bright and beautiful is this earth,
  And clad in rich and varied hue;
Yet Heaven's sweet land is far beyond
  The scenes which mortal ever knew.

'Tis *there* that glorious river flows,
  Whose streams are with sweet music rife,
Where beams of glorious light shine forth,
  In that sweet land where all is life.

And many a flower we knew on earth,
  And loved and cherished here below;
'Till cut down by the reaper "Death,"
  We *there* shall recognise and know.

EMMA MOODY.

—o—

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

OH! talk to me of heaven! I love
To hear about my home above;
For there doth many a loved one dwell
In light and joy ineffable.
Oh! tell me how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing,
And every glad and tearless eye
Beams like the bright sun gloriously;
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth;
Tell me of that celestial calm
Each face in glory weareth.

"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

LIFE hath shade as well as sunshine; grief is never far
from gladness,
Now we climb the rugged mountains, now we tread
the flowery dell,
But Christ guides our trembling footsteps, sends our
joy, or gives our sadness;
And "He doeth all things well!"

Hopes, bright hopes, we fondly cherished, were in one
dark moment blighted;
Bitter was the disappointment, which upon our spirit
fell;
Passed away, and that for ever, are the dreams that
once delighted;
But, "He doeth all things well!"

Some beloved ones have departed, far beyond the deep
blue ocean;
They have found a home with strangers, and with
us no longer dwell,
Oh! how mournful was the parting! but it soothed
our heart's commotion,
That "He doeth all things well!"

Others faded like the flowret, whose closed petals early
grieve us:
Tears came quickly as we listened to their sad,
funereal bell,
But they fell asleep in Jesus: His own summons bade
them leave us:
And "He doeth all things well!"

Hidden from us is the future; none can trace the path
before us:
Whether calm shall be our transit, or rough storms
our bark impel,
Only the All-Wise One knoweth, but He ever watcheth
o'er us,
And "He doeth all things well!"

Signs of coming strife and tumult, gather in the world's
horizon;
But Christ rules the troubled nations; guides the
waves that proudly swell;
Limitless is His dominion; faith His mighty arm
relies on:
For, "He doeth all things well!"

Earth's strange scenes are swiftly passing; soon must
close its varied drama;
Soon around Christ's throne in glory, we in grateful
strains shall tell,
As we gaze with deep emotion on life's radiant
panorama,
How, "He hath done all things well!"

From "Golden Hours."

PRAYER FOR THE CHILDREN.

FATHER, our children keep!
  We know not what is coming on the earth;
Beneath the shadow of Thy heavenly wing,
  Oh keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st them birth.

Father, draw nearer us!
  Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm;
Oh clasp our children closer to Thy side,
  Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

Them in Thy chambers hide!
  O hide them and preserve them calm and safe,
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,
  And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

Oh keep them undefiled!
  Unspotted from a tempting world of sin;
That clothed in white, through the bright city-gates
  They may with us in triumph enter in.

BONAR.

A WORD OF COMFORT.

ISAIAH xl. 1.

COMFORT take, thou child of sorrow,
  All is ordered well for thee;
Look not to the anxious morrow,
  "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Child of grief, does this world move thee;
  Transient scene of transient pain?

Think ! oh think ! of worlds above thee,
  Countless worlds,—a glorious train.

There are mansions now preparing
  For the chosen sons of God—
Here a pilgrim and wayfaring,
  There shall be thy long abode.

There shalt thou abide for ever
  With thy best and greatest Friend;
Nought from Him thy soul shall sever,
  In a world that knows no end.

There amidst assembled nations,
  Eye to eye, and face to face,
Thou shalt see thy tribulations
  Sent as messengers of grace.

Comfort take then, child of sorrow,
  All is ordered well for thee ;
Look not to the anxious morrow,—
  "As thy days thy strength shall be."

OUR WORK.

All the work we have to do
  Must be right truly done,
The daily path of suffering, too,
  Must patiently be run.
It may not be just what we wish,
  But if we do our best,

Our Master's greeting of "well done,"
Will add a joy to rest;—
The conflict o'er, the victory won,
And we for ever blest!

—o—

"THE HEART KNOWETH HIS OWN BITTERNESS."

PROVERBS xiv. 10.

WHY should we faint, and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow—
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

And well it is for us our God should feel
Alone our secret throbbings: so our prayer
May readier spring to Heaven, nor spend its zeal
On cloud-born idols of this lower air.

For if one heart in perfect sympathy
Beat with another, answering love for love,
Weak mortals, all entranced, on earth would lie
Nor listen for those purer strains above.

Or what if Heaven, for once its searching light
  Lent to some partial eye, disclosing all
The rude bad thoughts, that in our bosom's might
  Wander at large, nor heed love's gentle thrall?

Who would not shun the dreary uncouth place?
  As if, fond leaning where her infant slept,
A mother's arm a serpent should embrace:
  So might we friendless live, and die unwept.

Then keep the softening veil in mercy drawn,
  Thou who canst love us, tho' Thou read us true;
As on the bosom of the aerial lawn
  Melts in dim haze each coarse ungentle hue.

So too may soothing hope Thy leave enjoy
  Sweet visions of long-severed hearts to frame:
Though absence may impair or cares annoy,
  Some constant mind may draw us still the same.

We in dark dreams are tossing to and fro,
  Pine with regret, or sicken with despair,
The while she bathes us in her own chaste glow,
  And with our memory wings her own fond prayer.

O bliss of child-like innocence, and love
  Tried to old age! creative power to win
And raise new worlds, where happy fancies rove,
  Forgetting quite this grosser world of sin.

Bright are their dreams, because their thoughts are clear,
  Their memory cheering: but the earth-stained spright,
Whose wakeful musings are of guilt and fear,
  Must hover nearer earth, and less in light,

Farewell, for her, the ideal scenes so fair—
  Yet not farewell her hope, since Thou hast deigned,
Creator of all hearts! to own and share
  The love of what Thou madest, and we have stained.

Thou knowest our bitterness—our joys are Thine—
  No stranger Thou to all our wanderings wild:
Nor could we bear to think, how every line
  Of us, Thy darkened likeness and defiled,

Stands in full sunshine of Thy piercing eye,
  But that Thou callest us brethren: sweet repose
Is in that word—the Lord who dwells on high
  Knows all, yet loves us better than He knows.

KEBLE.

—o—

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

AWAKE my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! awake,
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn,
  Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, oh wake, and utter praise!

Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?
And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad !
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam ?
And who commanded (and the silence came)
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ?
Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?
God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice !
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder God !
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the element !

Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !
Thou, too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous mountain ! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud
To rise before me—Rise, oh, ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth !
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven
Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices praises God.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

GLOOM is upon thy lonely hearth,
O silent house ! once filled with mirth ;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers ;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to a stranger's gaze,
Mine own sweet home of other days!
My children's birthplace! yet for me
It is too much to look on thee.

Too much, for all about thee spread,
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanished now,
Follow me where thy roses blow;
The echoes of kind household-words
Are with me midst thy singing birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay;
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,
For all which went with "dust to dust!"

What now is left me, but to raise
From thee, 'lorn spot! my spirit's gaze,
To lift through tears my straining eye
Up to my Father's house on high?

Oh! many are the mansions there,
But not in one hath grief a share!
No haunting shade from things gone by
May there o'ersweep the unchanging sky.

And *they* are there, whose long-loved mien
In earthly home no more is seen;
Whose places, where they smiling sate,
Are unto us now desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread ;
We miss them when the prayer is said ;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain ;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres !
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But by your life of lowly faith
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter shore
The severed wreath is bound once more !

Holy ye were, and good, and true!
No change can cloud my thoughts of you ;
Guide me, like you, to live and die,
And reach my Father's house on high !

MRS HEMANS.

REST IN PILGRIMAGE.

THOU who, in every troubled scene,
  Has been Thy people's quiet rest,
Oh! let a tired disciple lean
  Upon the Master's breast.

'Tis there I list the whispers sweet,
  Which every doubt and fear reprove,
'Tis there I hear the pulses beat
  Of everlasting Love.

'Tis there I breathe the secret sigh,
  Too deep, too strange for mortal ear;
And there the Master's hand doth dry
  The poor disciple's tear.

'Tis there I own the Sovereign grace
  Which shattered earthly hopes of bliss,
And troubled every resting-place,
  Save this,—save only *this!*

My Master! Thou hast borne for me,
  The bleeding feet, the weary breast,
And to Thy heart of love I flee,
  For solace and for rest.

J. C.

"*DISCOURAGED BECAUSE OF THE WAY.*"

NUMBERS xxi. 4.

PILGRIM of earth, who art journeying to heaven!
  Heir of eternal life! child of the day!
Cared for, watched over, beloved and forgiven,
  Art thou discouraged, because of the way?

Cared for, watched over, though often thou seemest
  Justly forsaken, nor counted a child;
Loved and forgiven—though rightly thou deemest
  Thyself all unlovely, impure and defiled.

Weary and thirsty—no water-brook near thee,
  Press on, nor faint at the length of the way;
The God of thy life will assuredly hear thee,
  He will provide thee with strength for the day.

Break through the brambles and briers that obstruct thee,
  Dread not the gloom and the blackness of night,
Lean on the hand that will safely conduct thee,
  Trust to His eye to whom darkness is light!

Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever betide thee,
  Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord—
Grace to go forward wherever He guide thee,
  Simply believing the truth of His word.

Still on thy spirit's deep anguish is pressing—
  Not for the yoke that His wisdom bestows,
A heavier burden thy soul is distressing—
  A heart that is slow in His love to repose;

Earthliness, coldness, unthankful behaviour—
  Ah! thou may'st sorrow, but do not despair;
Even this grief thou may'st bring to thy Saviour,
  Cast upon Him e'en this burden and care!

Bring all thy hardness: His power can subdue it,
  How full is the promise! the blessing how free!
"Whatsoever ye ask in *My* name, I will do it,"
  Abide in My love, and be joyful in Me.

—o—

"*JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.*"

St Luke xviii. 37.

Watcher, who wakest by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on with their midnight train,
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest her sleep should break
In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh—
  "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearth-stone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;
There is one who can tell of a home on high,
  "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret bending low,
A dart in thy breast that the world may not know,

Wrestling the favour of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin—
Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourner, who sitt'st in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone—
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose instead—
Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Fading one, with the hectic streak
In thy veins of fire, and thy wasted cheek—
Fear'st thou the shade of that darkened vale?
Look to the guide who never can fail;
He hath trod it Himself! He will hear thy sigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

—o—

IN HEAVEN THERE'S REST.

"*In Heaven there's rest!*" that thought hath a power
To scatter the shades of life's dreariest hour;
Like a sunbeam it draws on the stormy sky;
Like the first glimpse of home to a traveller's eye,
'Tis the balm of the heart, of sorrow the cure,
The hope that deceives not, the promise that's sure.

How sweet to the weary! "in heaven there's rest!"
The tears are all dried from the eyes of the blest;

And the smiles that succeed are so dazzling and bright,
That none but a spirit could dwell in their light;
Oh! not like the smiles that here glow on the cheek;
But to hide the deep anguish no language can speak.

"In heaven there's rest!" earth's happiest hour
Fades softly away like a morning flower!
There, fadeless the bowers, unclouded the skies;
There, joy hath no end, and time never flies;
There, nature is freed from its earliest stain;
There, love hath no sorrow, and life hath no pain.

"In heaven there's rest," Oh! how deep that repose!
Life's bitterness passed, with its follies and woes;
Its passions all hushed, like the waves of the deep,
When tempests expire, and winds are asleep,
And only soft airs and sweet odours arise,
Like the evening incense that soars to the skies.

Those sounds breathe sweet music, "in heaven there's rest!"
I long to escape to that land of the blessed,
Inspired by the prospect through life's busy day,
To act and to suffer, to watch and to pray;
Then gladly exchange when the summons is given,
The tumults of earth for the calmness of heaven.

THE CROSS.

2 Cor. iv. 17.

Child of sorrow,—bending 'neath the blow
Of secret anguish,—thou whose heart is lone ;
Thine elder brother shares with thee this heavy woe,
Jesus, the God-Man every pang has known.

The cross He sent; to gently lure thy heart
In safety to the Fatherland above ;
These severed links—'twas hard for them to part,
But faith says low—"the trial came in love."

And when you stand in glory on that shore
Gazing in rapture o'er the crystal sea ;
While as you gaze—shines forth more and more,
The love that God has shewn for thee.

Then shalt thou see how all this grief and pain,
These light afflictions—only for a day ;
Together worked for good in the great chain
Of Love, which ne'er can pass away.

Emma Moody.

—o—

CONSOLATION.

When wearied with the cares of life,
And the cross seems hard to bear ;
Amidst the tumult and the strife,
Oh ! let our refuge then be prayer.

"Wait on the Lord," and trust Him still,
Though dark and dreary be the road ;

Pray in submission to His will
  That He will gently lift the load.

And oh! forget not Jesu's love,
  His sympathy is ever near;
Thine elder brother is above,
  And heeds each sigh and bitter tear.

And when in secret bending low,
  Nigh crushed beneath thy load of care;
With griefs those round thee may not know,
  A dart thy bosom friend can't share.

To Jesus then—pour out thy soul,
  Trust Him with all this weight of grief;
When storms arise He can control,
  And give the aching heart relief.

EMMA MOODY.

—o—

WEARINESS AND REST.

SAVIOUR, I come to Thee,
A weary child, with pain and care opprest;
O let me lean this aching burdened heart
  Upon Thy loving breast!

The way is very dark;
I cannot see it, Lord, through these my tears;
Take Thou my hand, and draw me up to Thee
  Through all the lonely years.

I have no strength, dear Lord;
Oh let me lie where I can kiss Thy feet,
And look up from the dust into Thine eyes
That are so true and sweet!

And come, oh come to me,
And raise me to Thine arms, and teach me there
The strange, deep secrets of Thy love, and bend
To listen this my prayer.

Speak to me soft and low.
My spirit yearneth for one little word
To cheer the still, sad silence of my life;
One word from Thee, my Lord!

Speak to me, O my God!
There are sweet voices falling on mine ear,
Long known, long loved, but in my inmost soul
Their tones I cannot hear.

But Thou wilt speak to me;
And, as the river falls into the sea,
And sinks to sleep, so this my wearied heart
Shall find its rest in Thee.

AFTER DEATH.

Oh where exists the spirit world
  Which we must some day surely see?
Oh, where abides the Paradise
  In which no death can be.

That mystic, solemn, sacred world
  Where every eye is free from tears;
And every hand is true and good,
  No fallings and no fears?

The world where we may hold for aye
  Treasures far dearer than we lost;
Live on in blithe eternal peace,
  Be no more tempest tost?

Will there be tranquil meadow trees,
  Broad-bowering in their leafy calm?
And gentle winds that sleep through noon,
  And wake for evening psalm?

Will there be sunshine on vast hills,
  And rivers in the spreading vales,
And wealth of flowers, and dewy leaves,
  Where flute the nightingales?

Will there be gardens whose sweet fruit
  Ripens and reddens all the day,
And homes where clustering roses cling,
  And do not fade away?

We know not. But the weary fight
  Is over when that life shall be,
And changed the aching of the soul
  To calm felicity.

Oh, Lord of life, our hands are full
  Of Thy sweet gifts : we judge thy love
To those who love Thee, will be shown
  In fairer forms above.

But what the sounds that we may hear,
  Or what the sights that there may be,
Thou know'st, O Sovereign of the skies,
  And we can wait to see.

And as we wait, oh, teach us still
  Thou hast a kingdom even here,
Shine on us with Thy Spirit, Lord,
  And make this knowledge clear.

A. N.

—o—

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM.

(AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.)

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowlèd head ;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner ! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave :

When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-clouds encircling wreath,
Guard it! till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night
Closes round the ghostly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him!—By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him! he our love hath shared!
Spare him! as thou would'st be spared!

"Take thy banner!—and if e'er
Thou should'st press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drums should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

LONGFELLOW.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
  The sun himself shall die,
Before this mortal shall assume
  Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
  Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
  As Adam saw her prime.

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
  The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
  Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
  In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
  To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
  With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
  As if a storm passed by—
Saying—We are twins in death, proud sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
  'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand, thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
  That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
  His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
  The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrownèd king of day:
  For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
  Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
  Upon the stage of men;
Nor with thy rising beams recall
  Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
  Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in diseases shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
  Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
  To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
  Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
  To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of darkness shall
  Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
  Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
  When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
  By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,—
  And took the sting from death!

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up
  On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
  Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
  On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
  Or shake his trust in God.

CAMPBELL.

—o—

HEAVEN'S MEMORIES.

"THOU shalt remember all the way;"—
  Nay, I would fain *forget*
The paths in which from day to day
  My weary feet were set;
Else how can I attune my lay
  To aught but sad regret?

"Thou shalt remember"—not so much
  The pain thou hadst to bear,
As how the Master's soothing touch
  Stilled every pulse of care:
And life's few trials wrought out such
  A crown as thou dost wear.

"Thou shalt remember;"—how He gave
  For every ill, sweet balm;
"Remember;"—how He made thee brave,
  Through leaning on His arm;
"Remember;"—not the storm-tost wave
  But the deep after calm.

"Thou shalt remember:"—oh! far less,
  The toil, and pain, and dread,
Then the unfailing tenderness
  With which thy steps He led:
The love that lightened thy distress,
  And raised thy drooping head.

All past unkindnesses and fears
  Shall softly fade from view;
While loving acts of bygone years
  Shall still seem fresh and new.
Old joys will brighten, but thy tears
  Shall vanish like the dew.

Yes; when upon the other shore,
  Thine eye, now dimmed, grows bright;
And clasping loved ones gone before,
  Thou walk'st with them in white;
"Thou shalt remember?" but no more
  Will memory grief excite.

For there, thy present care and strife,
  Will wake no anxious thought;
The leaves from off the tree of Life,
  Sweet healing will have wrought;
And memory now with sadness rife,
  Will then with joy be fraught.

NETTA LEIGH.

THE TWO WORLDS.

A LAND where sweetest roses fade,
  And smiling youth grows quickly old;
A land where sunshine turns to shade,
  And beauty takes a different mould;
A land of change, a land of care,
  Whose fleeting joys are little worth;
A land whose smile becomes a tear—
  That land is earth!

A land of love where nought can sever
  And beauty blooms with lustre fair;
A land where youth is young for ever,
  For time exerts no influence there;
A land where streams of pleasure flow,
  And golden harps to all are given;
A land where we our God shall know—
  That land is Heaven.

OUR DAILY PATHS.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes,
Can trace it midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise;
We may find it where a hedgerow showers its blossoms o'er our way,
Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear beneath an aged tree,
With the fox-glove o'er the water's glass, borne downwards by the bee;
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen stems is thrown,
As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold blue sky,
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencilled shadows lie,
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-work bound,
Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the ground.

Yes! beauty dwells in all our paths,—but sorrow too is there:
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still summer air!

When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things,
That through the leafy places glance on many coloured wings;

With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades,
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades;
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silver laughter gone.

But are we free to do even thus—to wander as we will,
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the breezy hill?
No! in our daily paths lie cares, that oft-times bind us fast,
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and violet dingles back,
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track;
They bar us from our heritage of spring-time, hope, and mirth,
And weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be? Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield!
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field!

A sweeter by the birds of heaven—which tell us in their flight,
Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?
Aye, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace,
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies.

MRS HEMANS.

—o—

THE CRUISE THAT FAILETH NOT.

Is thy cruise of comfort wasting,
Rise and share it with another;
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee, and thy brother;
Love divine will fill thy store-house,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one, will often make
A royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving,
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds (which mildew in the garner)
Scattered fill with gold the plain:
Is thy burden hard or heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?

Help to bear thy brother's burden
  God will bear it both and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains
  Would'st thou step amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee
  And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
  Many wounded round thee moan,
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
  And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty? None
  But God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain
  Can its ceaseless longings still,
Is the heart a living power? Self-entwined
  Its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving; and by
  Serving love will grow.

WINSLOW.

BAPTIZED WITH FIRE.

No strength to wield the armour!
  No spirit for the fight!
No eagle glance of glory,
  No soaring to the light!

The sweet spring twilight breathing
  These flowery slopes among,
I know when 'neath its wreathing
  My spirit would have sung.

But life's majestic duty,
  Whose grandeur lifted me—
In dreams of holy beauty,
  Only afar I see.

Why doth my harp not answer!
  Why ebbs away the tide?
And is my soul a silent string,
  For ever laid aside?

But then He spake—"For ever
  Oh! moaning in thy sleep?
Dost thou forget the fountain
  Whose spring is cool and deep?

"Deeper than that deep longing
  Of thought, and heart, and brain?
Deeper than that dull weariness
  Far worse than busy pain?

"Not laid aside for ever,
  But only till thou rest,
Until thou learn My tenderness,
  And feel My way is best.

"Wait! for the head bowed lowly
  Shall yet be lifted higher;
Wait! for I will baptize thee
  Anew with life and fire."

Then lo, I found the fountain,
  Of life and strength again,
Beneath the shadow of that Cross
  Where Jesus died for men.

MRS HENRY FAUSSETT (ALESSIE BOND.)

GOD'S PRESENCE.

Exodus xxxiii. 15.

LEAVE us not—Thou God of Love,
To face life's dark tempestuous sea,
Leave us not—oh heavenly Dove,
And we'll go triumphantly.

Leave us not—Thou source of Light
To wander through the gloom forlorn,
Bid Thy rays dispel the night,
Till we see the streaks of morn.

Let Thy Presence with us stay,
Oh Thou! who art our Leader yet;
Walk with us through this world's rough way
Tili in Thy arms our sun be set.

And when we reach the heavenly strand
We there shall see Thee face to face;
And prove with what a loving hand,
Thou led'st us through each dangerous place.

EMMA MOODY.

—o—

GOD'S AMBASSADORS.

HE that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech.

COWPER.

THE CHRISTIAN PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
  In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll
Yet an immortal soul
        Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
  With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
        Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
  Lo! death doth keep his state,
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
        This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold,
  No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
        A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
  An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp,—and then
        The parting groan.

Oh! change—oh wondrous change,
  Burst are the prison bars—
One moment *there*, so low
So agonized—and now
        Beyond the stars.

Oh! change—stupendous change!
  There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
        Wakes with his God.

MRS SOUTHEY.

—o—

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

GIVE thanks in everything!
  When life is summer bright,
And all around thee seems to sing
  An anthem of delight,
When thy cup runs o'er with bliss,
  Let thy lips run o'er with song;
Let thy heart an offering free, be His
  Who hath fed thee all life long.

Give thanks in everything!
  In the winter and the frost,
When thy buds of hope are withering,
  And thy dearest dreams are crossed.
Let faith take up the strain,
  And praise from the wrung heart flow,
For the broken spell, and the kindly pain,
  That forbids its rest below.

Give thanks in everything!
  Though thy portion be destroyed,
Though the waters have failed from every spring,
  And the storehouse of bliss is void.
Thy heart was slow to rise;
  Earth was too dear to thee;
'Twas a hand of love that loosed the ties;
  Sweeter thy rest will be!

Give thanks in everything!
  For all "things" work thy good;
Think'st thou thy Lord would *evil* bring
  On the soul he bought with blood?
Thou wilt praise for all ere long,
  Retraced by the light of heaven.
Hath faith in the dark no trustful song,
  Ere open sight be given?

Give thanks in everything!
  For the cross He bids thee bear,
For the flowers beside thy path that spring,
  For the thorns that wound thee there;
For the sunshine on the way,
  That makes thy journey sweet;
For the gloom descending while yet 'tis day,
  That urges on thy feet.

Give thanks in everything!
  For the gift He has denied;
For the gathering clouds that make thee cling
  More closely to His side;
For the parting light of morn;
  For the lengthening shadows gray --

Life's evening is the dawn
  Of everlasting day!

Give thanks in everything!
  For the call (whate'er it be)
That shall bid thy prisoned soul take wing
  Saved everlastingly!
Faith lost in vision bright!
  Shadows in perfect day!
Fix there thy gaze, and the distant light
  Shall illumine all thy way.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

It happened on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our surety died;
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event:
They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enriched them still the more;
They thought Him, and they justly thought Him one
Sent to do more than He appeared to have done;
To exalt a people, and to place them high,
Above all else, and wondered He should die.

Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them, with a kind engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, He gathered up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all He said,
Explained, illustrated, and searched so well,
The tender theme on which they choose to dwell,
That, reaching home, the night, they said, is near,
We must not now be parted, sojourn here—
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord,
Did not our hearts feel all He deigned to say,
Did they not burn within us by the way?
  Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves;
Their views indeed were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aimed at Him.
Christ and His character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope,
They felt what it became them much to feel,
And, wanting Him to loose the sacred seal,
Found Him as prompt as their desire was true,
To spread the new-born glories in their view.

COWPER.

"DID WASH HIS FEET WITH TEARS."

THE precious nard, the glorious hair,
The Alabaster white and rare,
Broken yet precious—frail, yet fair:
  Her love, her hopes and fears—
Low bent to earth that chastened brow
With all its thought,—where are they now?
  Laid at Christ's feet with tears.

Like some sad year's late paly flowers,
She brought her life's remaining hours—
Her costliest gifts and rarest powers—
  Her best, yet all unmeet,
To offer Him whose love and grace
Had found for her poor soul a place
  Of refuge at His feet.

O pardoned soul! and what hast thou
Wherewith in thankful praise to bow
Low at His feet who heard thy vow,
  And helped thee in thy need?
Fain wouldst thou bring it, but, alas!
The sweetest thoughts too quickly pass,
  Unworthy is the meed.

The heart's deep love through knowledge dim,
The busy mind, the active limb,
Say wouldst thou give again to Him,
  Whose own by right they are?
What though the Alabaster break?
Then love its course more free may take,
Where time nor sense again shall make
  Impediment or bar.

Oh! if we lay them at His feet—
These lives of ours—how sadly meet
  Are penitential tears!
Tears for the priceless, ruined past,
For sin against a love so vast,
Long slighted, victor at the last
  O'er all our faithless fears.

Tears for the sins we mingle most
With holy things in motley host,
  For cold, unworthy thought
For duties passed and left undone,
For all the way so weakly run,
  For blessing unbesought.

And yet if He accept, and say
The tender words that bids us stay
(Since none that come He casts away)
  It is not vain or wild
To offer Him with many a tear,
And late, our gift He stoops to cheer
  His changed and pardoned child!

MRS HENRY FAUSSETT (ALESSIE BOND).

DAVID AND ABSALOM.

THE pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed

To the admitted air ; as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls,
His helm was at his feet ; his banner soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
Reversed beside him : and the jewel'd hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle ; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him! He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang ; but the bent form
Of David entered,—and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
Who left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died : then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe.

"Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom.

'Cold is thy brow, my son ; and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee

How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill.—
Like a rich harpstring,—yearning to caress thee;
And hear thy sweet "*my* father" from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung,
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death, so like a gentle slumber, on thee:
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hand convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

WILLIS.

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,
  Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the day declineth,
  Go in the hush of night.
Go with pure mind and feeling,
  Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
  Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
  All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
  If any such there be.
Then for thyself in meekness
  A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
  Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee,
  In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
  When friends are round thy way;
Even then the silent breathing
  Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
  Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love!

Oh! not a joy or blessing
  With *this* can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
  To pour our souls in Prayer!

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gives thee all.

LORD CARLISLE.

—o—

A STRANGER HERE.

I MURMUR not that now a stranger
I pass along the smiling earth;
I know the snare; I dread the danger;
I hate the haunts; I shun the mirth.

My hopes are passing upward, onward,
And with my hopes my heart has gone;
My eye is turning sky-ward, sun-ward,
Where glory brightens round yon throne.

My spirit seeks its dwelling yonder;
And faith foredates the joyful day
When these old skies shall cease to sunder
The one, dear, love-linked family.

Well-pleased I find years rolling o'er me,
And hear each day time's measured tread;
Far fewer clouds now stretch before me,
Behind me is the darkness spread.

My future from my path unlinking,
Each dying year untwines the spell;
The visible is swiftly sinking,
Uprises the invisible.

To light unchanging and eternal
  From mists that sadden this bleak waste,
To scenes that smile for ever vernal,
  From winter's blackening leaf I haste.

BONAR.

—o—

THE DESERT NIGHT-SONG.

THE cloud is resting bright and still,
  The shades of evening gather round;
So rest, my oft-rebellious will,
  So wait within thy tented ground.

And not because 'tis gloomy night;—
  Since that strange radiance gleameth near,
Thou needest not the morning light
  Didst thou the call of trumpet hear;—

But only that thy Lord's command
  In symbol speaketh to thy heart,
And stays thy marching through the land
  Till thou shalt see that cloud depart.

It is enough for thee to know
  His guidance is for ever thine,
By day, in cloud His counsels show,
  By night, in deepest lustre shine.

So when that Pillar moves not—stay;
  And when it moves,—then strike thy tent;
Thou may'st be sure, by night or day,
  What is thy Leader's clear intent.

Whether a day—a week—a year
  That Pillar stay, concerns not thee;
It is thy simple business here
  In it thy Master's will to see.

DR WHITTEMORE.

—o—

STOP—AND THINK OF ANOTHER LIFE.

OFT 'mid this world's ceaseless strife,
  When flesh and spirit fail me,
I stop—and think of another life,
  Where ills can ne'er assail me,—
Where my wearied arm shall cease its fight,
  My heart shall ease its sorrow,
And this dark night change for the light
  Of everlasting morrow.

On earth below there's nought but woe,
  E'en mirth is gilded sadness;
But in Heaven above there's nought but love,
  With all its raptured gladness:
There—till I come—waits me a Home,
  All human dreams excelling,
In which, at last, when life is past,
  I'll find a regal dwelling.

Then shall be mine, through grace divine
  A Rest—that knows no ending,
Which my soul's eye would fain descry,
  Though still with clay 'tis blending.

And, Saviour dear, while I tarry here,
  Where a Father's love hath found me,
Oh! let me feel—through woe and weal—
  Thy guardian Arm around me.

SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON, BART.

—o—

EVENING PRAYER.

THE day is drawing to a close,
  The sun will soon obscure his light,
May we, oh Lord, on Thee repose,
  Watch o'er us through the long, dark night.

Do Thou our sins this day forgive,
  Endue us with Thy heavenly grace,
And if another day we live
  Teach us still more to seek Thy face.

Spread o'er each one Thy guardian wing,
  From every evil keep us free;
Round each and all Thy Presence fling,
  And ever draw us nearer Thee.

Our absent ones from danger keep,
  Protect from harm the friends we love;
Look down and pity all who weep,
  And hear them from Thy throne above.

The wanderers do Thou reclaim,
  Enfold them with Thy tender bands;
Thy mercy gracious Lord proclaim,
  And keep them from the tempter's hands.

Defend the weak against their foes,
  And oh! let none the poor oppress;
May the bereaved on Thee repose,
  From danger shield the fatherless.

And thus, oh Lord! in every scene,
  Of our chequered fleeting life,
May we for safety on Thee lean,
  Till ended be our mortal strife.

EMMA MOODY.

—o—

BE KIND.

BE kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
  Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
  And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
  His locks intermingled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
  Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow,
  May traces of sorrow be seen;
O well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
  For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
  As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
  E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
  If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
  If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
  The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far,
  Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
  The depths of true sisterly love!
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
  The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
  And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
  More precious than wealth or renown.

THE BETTER LIFE.

When we reach a quiet dwelling
  On the strong eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling,
  Who the vast creation fills;
When the paths of prayer and duty
  And affliction all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty
  Of our Saviour and our God;

With the light of resurrection
  When our changèd bodies glow,

And we gain the full perfection
  Of the bliss begun below;
When the life that flesh obscureth
  In each radiant form shall shine,
And the joy that aye endureth
  Flashes forth in beams divine.

While we wave the palms of glory
  Through the long eternal years,—
  Shall we e'er forget the story
Of our mortal griefs and fears?
Shall we e'er forget the sadness
  And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts are filled with gladness,
  And our tears are dried by Him.

Will the memory be banished
  Of His kindness and His care,
When the wants and woes are vanished
  Which He loved to sooth and share?
All the way by which He brought us,
  All the grievings which He bore,
All the patient love He taught us,
  Shall we think of them no more?

Yes! we surely shall remember
  How He quickened us from death;
How He fanned the dying ember
  With His spirit's glowing breath:
We shall read the tender meaning
  Of the sorrows and alarms
As we trod the desert, leaning
  On His everlasting arms.

And His rest shall be the dearer
When we think of weary ways,
And His light will be the clearer
As we muse on cloudy days.
Oh! 'twill be a glorious morrow
To a dark and stormy day;
We shall recollect our sorrow
As the streams that pass away.

From "The Changed Cross."

—o—

PRAYER.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right,
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay:
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light:
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THOUGHTS ON THE WAY.

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place,
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears—
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and of patient grace,
I love again, and yet again to trace.

Thoughts of this glory—on the Cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad yet healing rays:
Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

Thoughts of His coming: for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch and wait and pray;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee;
O what a sunrise will that advent be!

Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way!

WALKER.

ON THE RECEIPT OF A MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My Mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—yes.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieu and farewells are a sound unknown.

May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return,
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Shortlived possession! But the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy mighty visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuits, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed ;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)

Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails now swift! hast reached the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
The howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From lines enthroned, and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done,
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

"*DO I NOT FEEL?*"

"Do I not feel?" The doubt is keen as steel,
Yes. I do feel—most exquisitely feel;
My heart can weep, when from my downcast eye,
I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh:
Deep buried there I close the rankling dart,
And smile the most when heaviest is my heart.
On this I act—whatever pangs surround,
'Tis magnanimity to hide the wound!
When all was new, and life was in its spring,
I lived an unloved, solitary thing;
Even then I learned to bury deep from day,
The piercing cares that wore my youth away:
Even then I learned for others cares to feel;
Even then I wept I had not power to heal:
Even then deep-sounding, through the nightly gloom,
I heard the wretched's groan, and mourned the wretched's doom,
Who were my friends in youth? The midnight fire—
The silent moon-beam, or the starry choir;
To these I 'plained, or turned from outer sight,
To bless my lonely taper's friendly light;
I never yet could ask, howe'er forlorn,
For vulgar pity mixed with vulgar scorn;
The sacred source of woe I never ope;
My breast's my coffer, and my God's my hope,
But that I *do* feel, time my friend will show,
Though the cold crowd the secret never know;
With them I laugh—yet, when no eye can see,
I weep for nature, and I weep for thee.
Yes, thou didst wrong me;—oh! I fondly thought
In thee I had found the friend my heart had sought

I fondly thought that thou couldst pierce the guise,
And read the truth that in my bosom lies;
I fondly thought ere Time's last days were gone,
Thy heart and mine had mingled into one!
Yes—and they yet will mingle. Days and years
Will fly, and leave us partners in our tears:
We then shall feel that friendship has a power
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour;
Time's trial o'er shall clasp each other's hand,
And wait the passport to a better land.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.

IN the deep wilderness unseen she prayed,
The daughter of Jerusalem; alone
With all the still, small whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God, alone: she lifted up
Her sweet, sad voice, and, trembling o'er her head,
The dark leaves thrilled with prayer,—the tearful prayer
Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

"Father of Spirits, hear!
Look on the inmost heart to thee revealed,
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before thy sight in solitude unsealed!

"Hear, Father! hear, and aid!
If I have loved too well, if I have shed,

In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head
Gifts on Thy shrine, my God ! more fitly laid;

"If I have sought to live
But in *one* light, and made a human eye
The lonely star of mine idolatry,
Thou that art Love ! oh, pity and forgive !

"Chastened and schooled at last,
No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,
But, fixed on thee, from that wild worship turns—
What have I said ?—the deep dream is not past !

"Yet hear ! if still I love,
Oh ! still too fondly—if, for ever seen,
An earthly image comes my heart between,
And thy calm glory, Father ! throned above,

"If still a voice is near
(E'en while I strive these wanderings to control,)
An earthly voice disquieting my soul
With its deep music, too intensely dear ;

"O Father! draw to Thee
My lost affections back ! the dreaming eyes
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart that dies,
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free !

"I must love on, O God !
This bosom must love on ! but let Thy breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows not death,
Bearing it up to heaven—love's own abode !"

Ages and ages past, the wilderness,
With its dark cedars, and the thrilling night,
With her clear stars, and the mysterious winds,
That waft all sound, were conscious of those prayers.
How many such hath woman's bursting heart
Since then, in silence and in darkness breathed,
Like the dim night-flower's odour, up to God.

MRS HEMANS.

—o—

MARY MAGDALENE.

To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair,
She heard in the city that Jesus was there ;
Unheeding the splendour that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of her Lord.

The frown and the murmur sent round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall ;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
As the wealth of her perfume she showered at His feet.

She heard but the Saviour—she spoke but with tears ;
She dared not look up to the heaven of His eyes ;
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

In the sky after tempest as shineth the bow,
In the glare of the sunbeams as melteth the snow,
He looked on the lost one, "her sins were forgiven,"
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

From "Sacred Songs."

LEAVE THE FUTURE.

"LEAVE the future"—let it rest
Simply on thy Saviour's will.
"Leave the future"—they are blest
Who, confiding, hoping still,
Trust His mercy
To preserve them safe from ill.

Thus, like travellers in the dark,
Following the appointed way,
Though no beacon-fire they mark,
Still their faithful spirits say,
"We will follow—
Jesus leads to perfect day."

Let the present moment pass
With a blessing on its head;
And as time metes out his glass,
While our sands are numberëd,
Use the present—
Soon 'twill sleep with ages fled.

When with mists thy joys are clouded,
And when darkness fills the air—
When with sin thy soul is shrouded—
Then to Calvary repair;
Jesus gives thee
Beams of pure refulgence there.

THE COMFORTER.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see:
Oh! make our hearts Thy dwelling-place
And worthier Thee.

HARRIETTE AUBER.

"THY PEACE."

O LAMB of God! that tak'st away
  Our sin and bidd'st our sorrow cease!
Turn now this lonely night to day—
    "Grant us Thy peace!"

The troubled world hath woe without,
  The restless, wayward heart within
Hath fear, and weariness and doubt,
    And death and sin.

And there are needs that none can know,
  And tears no eye but Thine can see;
Hopes nought can satisfy below—
    We look to Thee!

'Tis not the calm, deceitful dream
  That earth calls peace, we ask for now;
No dropping down the fatal stream
    With careless brow.

Probe deep the wound, if so Thou wilt,
  If pain must wake us! purge our dross:
Help us to lay our load of guilt
    Beneath Thy Cross;—

That we amid the toil and strife,
  And storm, that never end below—
Through all the change and chance of life—
    "THY PEACE" may know!

Not changing like this lower sky—
  Not bounded by these mortal bars,
Undimmed as sunshine hid on high—
    Calm as the stars!

The peace that is not ours but Thine,
  (O safe and true and deathless thus!)
Against which storms in vain combine,
    Grant, grant to us.

MRS HENRY FAUSSETT
(ALESSIE BOND).

—o—

SEND ME.

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,—
  "Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting;
  Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
  Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
  "Here am I; send me, send me!"

If you cannot cross the ocean,
  And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
  You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
  You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus,
  Will be precious in His sight.

Let none hear you idly saying,
  "There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
  And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
  Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
  "Here am I; send me, send me!"

If you cannot be the watchman,
  Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
  Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
  You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
  Holding up the prophet's hands.

If, among the older people,
  You may not be apt to teach;
"Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd,
  "Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
  You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
  When you reach the better land.

From "Sacred Songs."

THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

Oh! to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
Where the angel voices mingle, and the angel harpers ring;
To be free from pain and sorrow,
And the anxious dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the King.

Oh! to be over yonder,
My yearning heart grows fonder
Of looking to the east, to see the day-star bring
Some tidings of the waking,
The cloudless, pure day breaking,
My heart is yearning—yearning for the coming of the King.

Oh! to be over yonder
The longing groweth stronger,
When I see the wild doves cleave the air on rapid wing,
I long for their fleet pinions,
To reach my Lord's dominions,
And rest my weary spirit in the presence of the King.

Oh! to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
Where life, and light, and sunshine beam fair on every thing:

Where the day beam is unshaded
As pure as He who made it—
The land of cloudless sunshine, where Jesus is the King.

Oh! when shall I be dwelling,
Where the angel voices swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring;
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming;
Oh! when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King?

Oh! when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger,
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones sing;
Within these heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

Oh! soon, soon I'll be yonder,
All lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's fleet wing,
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yondèr in the presence of the King.

F. C. A.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

I AM far frae my hame, and I'm weary oftenwhiles
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see
The gowden gates o' Heaven, an' my ain Countree.

The earth is fleck'd wi' flow'rs, mony-tinted, fresh, and gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my ain Countree.

I've His gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King
To His ain royal palace His banished name will bring:
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre we shall see
"The King in His beauty," an' our ain Countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair:
His bluid hath made me white, *His* hand shall dry mine ee,
When He brings me hame at last to my ain Countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast;
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel' to His ain Countree.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, He'll surely come again;
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken,
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain Countree.

So I'm watching aye an' singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing of His footfa' this side the gowden gate.
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we may a' gang in gladness to our ain Countree.

THE FOUR CALLS.

St. John xi. 28.

"The Master is come,—and calleth for thee."

The Master is come,—and calls for thee,
In tender, solemn pleading;
Sinner, obey the gracious call,
Whilst He is interceding.

Repent, and pause, yet once again;
Oh! leave earth's empty treasures,

To rest your soul on Jesu's love
  And heaven's enduring pleasures.

But yet another call is heard
  In loving accents soft and mild ;
The Shepherd's warning to his flock,
  The father speaking to His child.

"Awake ! " the echo seems to say,
  "Take heed thy lamp be burning bright :
Why slumberest thou amidst my foes ?
  Steady and clear should be thy light.

"Go—labour in the Master's cause,
  Dream not the golden hours away ;
The night will come and all be dark,
  Oh ! work while it is called to-day."

Another call ;—the reaper "Death,"
  Too soon will claim us, and we all
Must meet this summons when it comes,
  Attend this universal call.

To some the herald whispers peace,
  Love, Rest, and Home are reached at last,
Eternal joy is now their lot ;
  The troubled waves of life are past.

But with what horror and despair
  Will others meet their dreaded foe ;
The Master's call will have for them
  E'erlasting shame and endless woe.

His love they slighted, and despised
  His many knocks and offered grace ;

But now they must obey His call,
  And as their Judge behold His face.

And soon the last great call will come,
  The trumpet gloriously shall sound;
And then midst Resurrection joy,
  Our dear ones will again be found.

These bodies will all turn to dust,
  And mingle with their earth again;
But they who sleep in Jesus, shall
  Awake to glory in His train.

O joyful thought! we may descend,
  Fearless into the grave's deep vault;
JESUS still lives; and we shall stand
  Before God's throne without a fault.

EMMA MOODY.

THE FOLDED LAMB.

"He shall gather the Lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."—ISAIAH xl. 11.

REST, for the little sleeper!
  Joy for the ransomed soul!
Peace for the lonely weeper,
  Dark tho' the waters roll!

Weep for the little sleeper;
  Weep, it will ease thy heart,
Tho' the dull pain be deeper
  Than with the world to part.

Mighty the conflict o'er her!
  How could she face the foe?
Rugged the road before her!
  How could the weak one go?

She could not climb the mountain;
  She could not face the foe
Lying between Life's Fountain,
  And this dark vale below.

But the kind Shepherd found her,
  Laid her upon His breast,
Folded His arms around her,
  Hushed her to endless rest.

He bore her up the mountain,
  He trampled down the foe,
He laid her by Life's Fountain,
  Whence the still waters flow.

Joy for the little sleeper,
  The gentle, timid lamb,
Safe with her tender Keeper!
  Could there be sweeter balm?

As the dread hour came nearer,
  Closer the tendril clung,
Growing each moment dearer,
  Tho' the heart's core was wrung.

Oh! what are earth's best pleasures,
  Sickening the woe-struck heart?
What all its joys and treasures,
  When with the loved we part!

But the long-wished for token,
  Earnest of peaceful rest,
Binds up the heart that's broken,
  Soothes the distracted breast.

Do not then, droop in sadness,
  Dark tho' the night may be ;
There's a bright morn of gladness,
  Mourner, reserved for thee !

Yet shall the loved one greet thee,
  Smiling in Heaven's own light,
Joying once more to meet thee
  Where there can be no blight.

Grieve not with hopeless sorrow,
  Jesus has felt thy pain ;
Thy child He did but borrow,
  He'll bring her back again.

Peace, little loving sleeper,
  Close to thy Saviour's side,
Housed with thy tender Keeper,
  Safe—for the Lord has died.

B. H.

THE BATTLE FOUGHT AND WON.

EXOD. xiv. 14.—1 COR. xv. 57.

COME, Lord, and fight the battle,
  My hands are tired and faint ;
I have no strength to struggle,
  "Consider my complaint."
One of thy weakest soldiers
  Is weary in the field,—
Yet Thine is all the victory,
  Thy love is all my shield.

'Tis not that I am weary
  Of service done for Thee ;—
'Tis not that I would alter
  Thy loving will for me—
Sweet is the vineyard labour,
  Through all the toil and heat ;
And sweet the lonely night-watch
  Safe resting at Thy feet.

Yet, Lord, there is a warfare
  No eye but Thine may see ;
Oh hear my cry for succour,
  Come Thou and fight for me.
The self I cannot conquer,
  The will that still is mine,
Oh take them both, Lord Jesus,
  And make them one with Thine.

Take them ! I cannot yield them—
  I am not what I seemed ;

I have no power, Lord Jesus,
  To do what once I dreamed.
The yearning of the earth-life,
  Is stronger than my strength ;
When may the spell be broken,
  And freedom come at length ?

Like dew on drooping blossoms,
  Like breath from holy place,
Laden with health and healing
  Come Thy deep words of grace ;
Thy strength is all in leaning,
  On One who fights for thee ;
Thine is the helpless clinging,
  And Mine the Victory.

—o—

"CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD, AND HE SHALL SUSTAIN THEE."

CHRISTIAN, when thy way seems darkest,
  And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hastening,
  Tell thy sorrows unto Him.
Not to human ear confiding
  Thy sad tale of grief or care,
But before thy Father hastening,
  Pour out all thy sorrows there.

Sympathy of friends may cheer thee
  When the fierce wild storm is past,

But God only can console thee
  When it breaks upon thee first.
Go with words, or tears, or silence,
  Only lay them at His feet,
Thou shalt prove how great His pity,
  And His tenderness how sweet.

Think, too, thy Divine Redeemer
  Knew as thou canst never know
All the deepest depth of suffering,
  All the weight of human woe;
And though now in glory seated,
  He can hear thy feeblest cry,
Even hear the stifled sighing
  Of thy dumb heart's agony.

All thy griefs by Him are ordered,
  Needful is each one for thee,
All thy tears by Him are counted,
  One too much there cannot be;
And if whilst they fall so quickly,
  Thou canst own His way is right,
Then each bitter tear of anguish
  Precious is in Jesu's sight.

Far too well thy Saviour loves thee
  To allow thy life to be
One long calm unbroken summer,
  One unruffled stormless sea;
He would have thee fondly nestling
  Closer to His loving breast,
He would have that world seem brighter
  Where alone is perfect rest.

Though His wise and loving purpose
  Clearly now thou mayst not see,
Still believe with faith unshaken
  All shall work for good to thee,
Therefore when thy way seems darkest,
  And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hastening,
  Tell thy sorrows unto Him.

—o—

THE UNCHANGEABLE.

THERE'S nought on earth to rest upon,
  All things are changing here,
The smiles of joy we gaze upon,
  The friends we count most dear.
One Friend alone is changeless—
  The one too oft forgot,
Whose love has stood for ages past—
  Our Jesus changeth not.

The sweetest flower on earth,
  That sheds its fragrance round,
Ere evening comes has withered,
  And lies upon the ground.
The dark and dreary desert
  Has only one green spot:
'Tis found in living pastures,
  With Him who changeth not.

And clouds o'ercast our summer sky,
  So beautiful, so bright!

And while we still admire it,
  It darkens into night.
One sky alone is cloudless,
  There darkness enters not;
'Tis found alone with Jesus—
  And Jesus changeth not.

And friendship's smile avails not
  To cheer us here below;
For smiles are all deceitful,—
  They quickly ebb and flow.
One smile alone can gladden,
  Whate'er the pilgrim's lot;
It is the smile of Jesus—
  For Jesus changeth not.

And thus our bark moves onward,
  O'er life's tempestuous sea,
While Death's unerring hand
  Is stamped on all we see;
But faith has found a living One
  Where hope deceiveth not,
For life is hid with Jesus—
  And Jesus changeth not.

There's nought on earth to rest upon,
  All things are changing here;
The smiles of joy we gaze upon,
  The friends we count most dear;
One Friend alone is changeless—
  The one too oft forgot,
Whose love has stood for ages past—
  For Jesus changeth not.

NOT NOW.

ST MARK v. 18.

NOT *now*, my child,—a little more rough tossing—
A little longer on the billows foam,—
A few more journeyings in the desert-darkness,
And *then* the sunshine of thy Father's Home!

Not *now*,—for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not *now*,—for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not *now*,—for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

Not *now*,—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach these widowed hearts to sing;
Not *now*,—for orphan's tears are thickly falling;
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not *now*,—for many a hungry one is pining;
The willing hand must be outstretched and free;
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives His answering messages to thee.

Not *now*,—for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,
And prisoner's sighs sound strangely on the breeze—
Man's prisoners, but thy Saviour's noble free-men;
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?—

Not *now*, for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,
  And souls are perishing in hopeless sin;
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open,—
  Go to the banished ones, and fetch them in!

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
  And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
  Canst thou not *watch with Me* one little hour?

One little hour! and *then* the glorious crowning—
  The golden harp-strings and the Victor's palm,—
One little hour!—and *then* the Hallelujah!
  Eternity's long, deep, thanks-giving psalm!

C. P.

—o—

OH TO BE NOTHING.

Oh to be nothing—nothing,
  Only to lie at His feet
A broken, emptied vessel,
  Thus for His use made meet!
Emptied, that He may fill me
  As to His service I go;
Broken, so that unhindered
  Through me *His* life may flow.

Oh to be nothing—nothing,
  An arrow hid in His hand
Or a messenger at His gateway
  Waiting for His command;

Only an instrument ready,
  For Him to use at His will ;
And should He not require me,
  Willing to wait there still.

Oh to be nothing—nothing,
  Though painful the humbling be ;
Though it lay me low in the sight of those
  Who are now, perhaps, praising *me*.
I would rather be nothing, nothing,
  That to *Him* be their voices raised,
Who alone is the Fountain of blessing,
  Who alone is meet to be praised.

Yet e'en as my pleading rises,
  A voice seems with mine to blend,
And whispers in loving accents,
  "I call thee not *servant*, but *friend*.
Fellow-worker with *Me* I call thee,
  Sharing my sorrows and joy—
Fellow-heir to the glory I have above,
  To treasure without alloy."

Oh, love so free, so boundless,
  Which, lifting me, lays me lower
At the footstool of Jesus, my risen Lord,
  To worship and adore !
Which fills me with deeper longing
  To have nothing dividing my heart,
My "all" given up to Jesus,
  Not "keeping back a part."

Thine may I be, Thine only,
  Till called by Thee to share
The glorious heavenly mansions
  Thou art gone before to prepare.
My heart and soul are yearning
  To see Thee face to face,
With unfettered tongue to praise Thee
  For such heights and depths of grace.

G. M. T.

—o—

HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WELL.

He liveth long who liveth well!
  All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
  Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
  All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
  Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him,
  Who freely gave it, freely give,
Else is that being but a dream,
  'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well;
  Who wisdom *speaks* must *live* it too;
He is the wisest who can tell
  How first he *lived*, then *spoke*, the true.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
  Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
  Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
  Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
  Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap;
  Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
  From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
  Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
  And find a harvest-home of light.

BONAR.

---o---

THE DAY IS AT HAND!

POOR fainting spirit, still hold on thy way—
  The dawn is near!
True, thou art weary; but yon brightening ray
  Becomes more clear.
Bear up a little longer—wait for rest—
Yield not to slumber, though with toil opprest.

The night of life is mournful—but look on—
The dawn is near!
Soon will earth's shadowy scenes and forms be gone—
Yield not to fear!
The mountain's summit will ere long be gained,
And a bright world of joy and peace attained.

"Joyful through life," thy motto still must be;
The dawn is near!
What glories will that dawn unfold to thee!
Be of good cheer!
Gird up thy loins; bind sandals on thy feet,
The way is dark and long, the end is sweet.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

—o—

THE PURER PATH.

No bird-song floated down the hill;
The tangled bank below was still;
No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew;
We felt the falling of the dew;
Far from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified—
A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;
While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness, where we trod,
We gazed upon the hills of God,
Whose light seemed not of moon or sun;
We spoke not, but our thought was one.

We paused as if, from that bright shore,
Beckoned our dear ones, gone before:
And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light:
Through their green gates the sunshine showed;
A long, slant splendour downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;
And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet drew near
The river, dark with mortal fear,

And the night cometh chill with dew,
O Father !—let Thy light break through !

"So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide !
So let the eyes that fail on earth
On Thy eternal hills look forth ;
And in Thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below !"

WHITTIER.

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PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.,
EDINBURGH AND LONDON